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THE GRANVILLES.

An Irish Tale.

BY

THE HON. THOMAS TALBOT.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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THE GRANVILLES.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN EVENING WALK AND A DECLARATION OF LOVE.

AFTER dinner, on the day above mentioned, Fanny called her brother aside in the drawing-room, and intimated that she had something of importance to communicate to him. It is scarcely necessary for us to apprise the reader that Joe Whitmore formed one of the dinner party on this occasion. We have already hinted that he had arranged to spend a week at Mooloch House, under pretence of enjoying the sport of shooting in its vicinity ; and we have now to add that his arrangement in this respect was made by express invitation from Mrs. Credan in furtherance of her views with reference to the alliance between himself and her niece, on

which she had so much set her heart. That on this point, however, she had been undeceived by the decisive declaration of Fanny during the walk in the garden, we have already seen; and yet, it must be owned that a lingering hope still remained with her that, notwithstanding such declaration, things might be brought about in conformity with her wishes by the accidents of time and the force of circumstances. She was one of those who never give up any design they have formed until every inch of ground is cut from under their feet, and no possible chance remains on which to build a hope. She thought that, after all, Fanny might change her opinions, or that she did not perhaps exactly know her own mind. She loved, it may be, or she fancied she loved Herbert; but did Herbert love her? or did he love her to such a degree as to sacrifice his pride, or his prospects, if he had any, in order to make her his own? It was hard to decide with regard to these matters: and so long as a clear decision could not be arrived at on these points, it was well not to give up any hope she had of gaining the wished-for end. So Mrs. Credan reasoned; and she was not a woman to surrender her views, as long as she

had any ground at all on which to raise a superstructure of reasoning, no matter how shifting and untenable that ground appeared to be. Joe Whitmore, therefore, occupied a firm footing still in her mind ; and at dinner she neglected nothing that was calculated to convey this idea to all present. She expressed herself as delighted with his success on the hills and at the coverts, and declared she was so happy that he enjoyed himself ; and hoped that during the week he intended to remain he should be equally successful and equally well pleased with the sport. She was exceedingly attentive to all his requirements, and was sincerely interested in his appetite, trusting that his exertions had not over-fatigued him, and thereby diminished his desire for food. Nothing indeed could be more gracious than the anxiety she manifested for his health and comfort.

And so Joe felt, and indeed expressed himself, very, very happy. But after dinner, as we have said, Fanny took her brother aside in the drawing-room, to intimate to him that she had something of importance to communicate to him. They both left the drawing-room together, and stepping out upon the terrace, they walked along for

some minutes in silence. At length Fanny said,—

“Harry, what I wished to tell you is, that Whitmore is invited to stay here for a week—at least he has accepted the general invitation given to him by Aunt Credan, and has declared his intention to remain a week for the purpose of shooting. I cannot, therefore, stay here longer than to-day; to-morrow I shall return home. You know how detestable that man is to me; and you know also how Aunt Credan has been planning about him, with the idea that I should get married to him. You see then, Harry, how impossible it is for me to content myself here. Of course, I don’t desire to deprive you of your shooting; but perhaps you might, without inconvenience to you in that way, accompany me a part of the way home at an early hour to-morrow morning. If I were a mile or so away from this place I shouldn’t feel lonely for the remainder of the way home.”

“Yes, I see,” answered Harry; “that will suit admirably. Would you wish to know how I feel? I shall tell you. Just like a fellow convicted of high treason, and sent to prison where he has to herd with thieves and cut-throats. You understand me. Since I

saw that brute, Whitmore, at the covert to-day I have made up my mind to decamp from here. And that is a pity, for I had intended to have two or three days' enjoyable sport about here with my cousin; but that confounded fellow has spoiled my contemplated enjoyment. I don't wonder that you feel dissatisfied to remain under the same roof with him; for I, who ought to be better able to endure anything in the shape of impudent vulgarism and presumptuous ignorance, feel myself quite inadequate to the endurance of this fellow's bestial manners. So I shall have our horse and gig ordered out at five o'clock to-morrow morning; and we shall be ready to start immediately after that. Besides, i' faith, I feel otherwise a longing to get back, short as it is since I left."

Here he looked with a twinkling eye into his sister's face, and added, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Fanny smiled, and lifted her hand, as if to slap him on the cheek, but then, dropping it immediately and resting it on his breast, where it played with his vest buttons, she said, "I am so glad, dear brother, that you like Julia. I am so fond of her. She is such a nice lovable creature. Don't you think

that she is a real Granville—I mean in feature as well as in manner. I heard my cousins say that she rather resembled the Browns, her mother's family."

"I think," replied Harry, "that she partakes of the leading characteristics of both. She has the noble bearing and graceful manners of the Granvilles, with something of the complexion and features of the Browns. But why do you say you are glad I like her? Like her, Fanny? I idolize her. She occupies every corner and crevice of my heart. She is my idol, my angel, my heaven!"

"Oh, stop!" interrupted Fanny, "for goodness' sake, do stop, or I shall imagine that you are *daft*, as the Scotch say. I know you like her; and I am so glad of it. But, Harry dear, have you asked her to marry you?"

Harry hesitated, and coloured a little, as if something wrong or dishonourable had occurred to his mind. But it was not so. Harry Moore was one of the most upright and honourable young men that ever existed. An ignoble thought never stained his mind. He was incapable of contemplating anything that was tinged with shame or dishonour; and yet, strange as it might appear, he

manifested those symptoms which are usually attributed to guilt and shame, as soon as his sister referred to that which struck him as a point of honour. He *hesitated* and *coloured*.

How often do we find popular ideas and maxims destitute of any foundation in truth or in nature. So far from the hesitation and change of colour exhibited by Harry when the question about marriage was put to him by his sister being an indication of any wrong he either did or contemplated to do, it was the strongest manifestation of the extreme purity of his mind, and of the unsullied honour by which he was swayed. A low, unprincipled, and hardened ruffian would have never shown any feeling on such a question as that put to Harry by his sister, or indeed, on any question involving delicacy of feeling or moral principle. It was only the warm-hearted, high-souled, pure-minded Harry Moore, that could feel his blood agitated at the mere fancy of anything low, base, or in the slightest degree discreditable. And yet, looking at the matter calmly, as Harry himself did look at it, after a few seconds, there was nothing in the question that ought to disturb the finest sensibility, the most refined sense of honour.

“Did I ask her to marry me?” he repeated, after a few seconds; “why, no, Fanny; I did not think it at all necessary to do so under all the circumstances. In the first place, you know, the family are in mourning since the death of old Mr. Granville; and to talk of marriage with Julia, in the presence of such an event, would not, it strikes me, be exactly proper or delicate. Besides that, it would look on my part as if I were endeavouring to take advantage of her misfortunes with the view of promoting my own happiness. I could not think of winning her love through her sorrows. I must have it wholly or not at all, through the medium of her free and unembarrassed will, and in the best sunshine of her fortunes. I believe she loves me, and that she does so from no motive on earth other than the voluntary impulse of her pure and noble heart; but while I believe this, I feel, and have felt ever since I thought she loved me, the more solicitous to guard my conduct against any act or expression that might possibly be calculated to wound her tenderest susceptibility. As I have told you, I love her with all my heart and soul; and there is nothing in this world that could satisfy my heart and mind but to be

united in marriage with her, yet I have refrained from any allusion to that subject on the sole ground of delicacy and honour. I feared she might not like it in the circumstances surrounding her; and I feared she might attribute it to a want of consideration, on my part, for her peculiar situation. I may have been wrong in all that; perhaps I have been; but I am now explaining to you the motives which have ruled my conduct."

"I understand you," observed Fanny; "but, still, I don't think that you did right; for do you know, Harry, if I were in her place, I think I would rather be asked. It is so nice, you know, to hear the person you love telling you everything that he thought. Stop now, Harry; don't tease me:—ah, do stop, now."

Harry had taken her by the shoulder, and was shaking her, and tapping her on the cheek with one hand, while his eyes were twinkling with fun. He understood that her mind was wandering to the presence of another, while seeming to respond to the observations which he had addressed to her. He then said, "Never mind, dear sis., we shall be off early in the morning, and leave dear Aunt Credan to the luxury of the bril-

liant Joe Whitmore's conversation. By Jove, I was amused at dinner with our cousin's exquisite ridicule of him. How she did sting him with her arrows ; but the fellow scarcely seemed conscious of the ridicule she showered upon him. Come ; let us go in : they may miss us—at least aunt will ; and so will the gallant *amoroso* of my sweet sister."

He laughed, and stepped on before Fanny, who followed him at a little distance. When they entered the drawing-room, the younger Miss Credan was seated at the piano ; and Whitmore standing by her side, watching her performance, and turning over her music. The moment the latter saw Fanny enter, he abruptly left the piano, and walked across the room to meet her.

"Miss Moore, I was wishing to have you come in," he said, with a vulgar affectation of flattery, "for your touch on the piano exceeds anything I know."

"I feel quite complimented, I assure you," was the reply, while the least perceptible curl rose upon the corner of her mouth ; and she passed on towards her Uncle Credan.

Mr. Credan was a fine jolly man, fond of his claret and his joke ; and who cared for little else than the enjoyment of the passing

hour. He followed the fox-hounds, always keeping along the roads and open fields, and soothing his hunter with voice and touch whenever he came to a small hedge over which he wished him to jump gently. He shouldered his double-barrel, too, in the shooting season, and tumbled over partridge, and plover, and woodcock with as ready an eye, and as unerring aim as in the days ere he won the hand, if not the heart, of his dear Fanny. In short, he was a good-natured, kind, cheerful, and ease-loving man, who took the world at the sunny side, and shut his eyes to the clouds and the mists. He liked Fanny Moore very much, almost as much as his own daughters ; for her name being Fanny, which was also his wife's name, he could not but feel a very remarkable leaning towards her. This, at least, was his own account of his own feelings ; and no one can doubt that he knew best what it was that afforded him comfort and satisfaction.

“ Ha, ha ! you little loiterer,” he exclaimed, as she approached him, “ where have you been all this time ? ” Your most estimable gallant, Whitmore, has been like a plover in distress during your absence, rolling himself from one spot to another and

striving to shun observation. Why are you so heartless as to permit discomfort to darken over his gizzard. He is a tender chick—eh? Ha, ha, ha!”

“Why do you say he is a gallant of mine, uncle?” asked Fanny, looking into his face, with a smile, compounded of drollery and derision; “I didn’t think that you would treat your niece to such a high compliment as to insinuate that she was the object of admiration to so exquisite and immaculate a Lothario as the proprietor of Castle Whitmore.”

“Ha, ha, ha!” exclaimed the uncle, “you are a funny little rogue! you are a funny little rogue! By the piper of Moses, you always put me in mind of my own Fanny, your aunt; when I was tracking her through the *moors*—ha, ha, ha! eh?—through the *moors*? Well, when I was pursuing her, gun in hand, and trying to get her within range, I met with many disappointments. She was very wary—sensitive to the lightest tread; and so before I came within the required distance she was up and off. She led me many a weary tramp before I winged her—ha, ha, ha! Well, I took her at the rise, at last; and brought her down. And a good

day's sport it was. By the piper of Moses, she has made my days cheerful and happy. But, you see, she is a practical woman, Fanny; and knows the difference between an oyster-shell and a plum-pudding. She eschewed poetry; she cared nothing for painted fribbles—not that I dislike poetry either—that is, I am fond of it when it is twisted into the shape of a good merry song—

Tally-ho ! tally-ho ! ish a vugga, ish a voun !
We'll rouse up reynard in the morning.

That's what I call poetry, Fanny. There is life and merriment in it; and poetry is no poetry without that. Why, those people over there think I am mad; see how Whitmore gapes at me. Ha, ha, ha ! what a genius he is, to be sure ! Come over to the piano, now : I want you to give me Tommy Moore's song; what do you call it ? it is the air of 'Reynard,'—oh, ay—'On Lough Neagh's Banks.' ”

Fanny was greatly amused with her uncle's rambling observations; and her spirits began to play in gay and sprightly ripples. In answer to his request she replied that she would be most happy to play him the song he desired, but requested, at the same time,

that he would do her the favour of standing by her side, and turning over her music. She said this in order to draw his attention to Whitmore's position, who was then performing a similar office for Miss Credan.

“By the piper of Moses, Fanny, I shall not deprive your Lothario, as you call him, of that extreme felicity. When I was like him, I would shoot the fellow who interfered with my privilege in that way. At the twelve paces, though—at the twelve paces. No, I never could take a man at a disadvantage. We should stand on equal ground. Then let fortune rule the day. Come, then, I shall be your Lothario, as you like it; though I feel for your love-sick swain—ha, ha, ha! Come along.”

Miss Credan had just concluded a lively and rattling air; and, as she paused to receive the incoherent compliments of Whitmore, her father requested her to make way for Miss Moore.

Fanny took her seat, ran her fingers along the keys, and looking up to her uncle, said, “Now, uncle, commence.”

“Allow me, Miss Moore,” interposed Whitmore, arranging the music in the stand; “I shall be so happy to stand by your side.”

"I feel complimented, very much indeed," replied Fanny, smiling, with the slight curl on her lip: "but you will oblige me by standing *aside*—not *by my side*."

Whitmore coloured, and laughed: and then stepping away, made room for Mr. Credan, who whispered in her ear, "By the piper of Moses, you have stunned him."

Fanny played the air in accompaniment with the song of "Lough Neagh's Banks," to which her uncle did the most ample justice: but he always took care to conclude each stanza with—

Tally-ho ! tally-ho ! ish a vugga, ish a voun !

We'll rouse up reynard in the morning.

Shortly after the conclusion of the song the party retired for the night. Joe Whitmore, after reaching his room, threw himself into an armchair, and devoted at least an hour to a review of the different scenes which had occurred in the drawing-room, and in which he felt his interest concerned. The prevailing feeling of his breast, while thus occupied, was disappointment, and its attendant vexation. He looked at each scene again and again, and grew more and more dissatisfied and angry as he performed the

operation. The conclusion of his review was a fixed determination to be revenged in some way or other, but he was unable to determine the mode or manner of the accomplishment of his resolution. Troubled with this uncertainty he undressed and threw himself into bed, where he slept a restless sleep, dreaming of dark glens, and silent nooks, and lightning, and thunder, and screaming women, and wild beasts, until morning.

Early next morning Harry Moore was astir. He looked into the stables, ordered his horse to be put to, and, returning to the parlour, found his sister and cousins arranging the materials for an early breakfast. His cousin, Harry Credan, soon joined them, and the four young people sat down to a most cheerful and appetizing meal. Buttered rolls, newly-laid eggs, fried ham, cold mutton, tea, coffee, and rich cream, with oaten cakes, and a decanter of whisky on a side-table, constituted the chief elements of this meal.

Fanny and her brother had on the preceding night apprised Mr. and Mrs. Credan of their intention to return home early the next morning; and although Mrs. Credan expressed

her astonishment and disappointment in words and looks fully equal to the intensity with which those feelings operated upon her; and although Mr. Credan protested by the piper of Moses that he wouldn't wish it—that is, their going away—for the best day's sport he had ever had, or expected to have hereafter, yet the thing was arranged, and all objections and regrets were obliged to succumb before the decree of fate, and Mr. and Mrs. Credan therefore wished their niece and nephew a warm-hearted adieu ere they had retired to rest. But the breakfast had been scarcely commenced when Mr. Credan was heard thundering along the hall, ordering the servants hither and thither, and desiring to be informed of the prognostics of the weather. He fumbled into the parlour, and had scarcely seated himself at the table, when Mrs. Credan glided softly in, and the whole family, with the exception of the younger children, were thus assembled at breakfast between the hours of five and six o'clock on that bright September morning.

In about half an hour after this Harry Moore and his sister were rolling along on the broad smooth road leading to Ballydine, amid the bright-tinted scenery that spread

itself out on either hand in long diversified sweeps, over which the early sunbeams played and twinkled like beaded diamonds on a lady's breast. The landscape, as they drove along, was here and there enlivened by the laugh and song of the peasantry as they moved about near their homesteads, and drove the cattle afield, or whistled to their teams in soft and winding melody, and eyed the even sod rolling from the ploughshare.

It was a sweet and lovely morning, and Fanny and her brother drank in all its delicious influence, for their hearts were light, and their minds free from disturbing cares. They made brief observations now and then upon the scenes around them, and then fell into silence, during which each luxuriated in the bright field of imagination, and indulged in that gentle and delightful occupation of erecting *Châteaux d'Espagne*, or castles in the air.

In less than two hours they were passing up the avenue to Brookfield Hall, where they were welcomed with no less astonishment by their father and mother for their unexpected arrival than they had been parted with by their uncle, and aunt, and cousins, for their unexpected departure. Such may be re-

garded, however, as a miniature of life. We come, and we go, when it is least expected; and regret and surprise are our constant companions through this journey here below.

On the afternoon of this day Harry Moore strolled into the lawn, and along the grounds of Brookfield Hall, meditating on the events connected with his visit to Mooloch House, and speculating in a sort of reverie on coming years. His imaginings were vague and indefinite, and if they fell into any shape at all of a determinate character, it was when the idea of his becoming, at some time or other, the owner of the lands on which he was treading, and of a lovely woman whom he could call his wife walking by his side, stood out in relief amid the mental chaos. That wife too assumed in his thoughts the figure and complexion of his beloved Julia. This current of thought was but the natural result of the conversation which he and his sister had held on the terrace at Mooloch House on the evening before, when Fanny asked him if he had informed Julia of his feelings towards her, and ascertained hers in return. The impulse that had thus been given to his mind continued to vibrate, and he determined, before the sun that was now shining down

upon him had withdrawn the light from hill and plain, to breathe into her ear the message of his love, and to hear from her own sweet lips the reply to that message. He walked on until he reached one of the outer gates of the demesne, and then passed out into the public road. The evening was calm and beautiful, and he felt as though the air was whispering to his heart sweet words of peace and hope. He turned off in the direction of Ballydine, and as he approached the village he quickened his steps, as if to shut out from his own mind the thoughts that were crowding upon it, and to economize the joys that were fluttering around his heart. He passed by the Cross, and up the Ash Grove road, until he came to the gates opening upon the avenue and lawn of Ash Grove House. He strolled quietly up the avenue, pausing here and there to hearken to the melody of the thrush and blackbird from the surrounding arbours, or to mark the gambols of the rabbits on the small green island that rose amid the placid waters of the little lake on the margin of the lawn. He had scarcely reached the end of the avenue, where it branched into the lawn immediately in front of the house, when he saw Julia passing from

the garden-gate, and directing her steps down the lawn, as if to meet some woman who appeared to be approaching the house from the direction of the mountain road. Harry at once cried out her name, when she stopped suddenly as if checked by a string, and then looking round she saw him, and stepped on quickly to meet him. Her face was glowing with pleasure, and her movement was light and elastic as a fawn's.

After they had conversed for a few minutes she walked away towards the front of the house, met the woman whom we have mentioned, talked with her a few seconds, and then passed into the house. After a delay of about five minutes she returned, with an addition of a short light cloak to her dress, and bearing a parasol in her hand, and, joining Harry, they both passed round by the courtyard at the rear of the house, and out into the glade that lay stretched before them towards the south-east.

As they walked in cheerful mood along Harry began to relate to her all that had passed—at least all that he thought would interest her—while on his recent visit to Mooloch. He gave a full and humorous description of Joe Whitmore, his shooting

exploits, and his love passages with the ladies, especially with his sister Fanny.

Julia was greatly amused with the recital, and observed,—

“What a queer sort of person Whitmore is, especially when he talks about his own affairs, and that is pretty often; for he seems never to comprehend anything but as it bears upon himself and his concerns. At least I have never heard him converse upon any topic in which he was not the chief subject himself. I could never endure him, and I am sure your sister is much of my way of feeling in that respect.”

“Oh, as for Fanny,” observed Harry, “she is like a lamb in a storm when he is in her presence; she cannot stand him at all. Besides, he is making desperate efforts to win her confidence; and this annoys her beyond anything. How he hates Herbert! He believes that if it hadn’t been for Herbert the fates would be propitious, and no obstruction could arise in the way of his happiness. But in that he is mistaken, too; for I believe there is nothing on earth would induce Fanny to countenance him; for her dislike of him is rooted beyond any possibility of its removal.”

“I have fancied, for a long time,” interrupted Julia, “that he means some mischief to Herbert. I don’t know how it is, but I cannot divest my mind of this impression. He is a bad man, Mr. Moore; and I believe him capable of almost any bad act. He is always slandering people, and uttering falsehoods against them—even against those with whom he affects friendship. What worse sign of any person could there be than that? I have it from Herbert, that he has uttered the foulest calumnies against him. Herbert has heard this from persons who would not tell an untruth about it. It is shocking, is it not?”

“No one minds what he says,” answered Harry; “he is too contemptible for serious notice. Anything he says about Herbert or anybody else hasn’t the weight of a feather. All his infamous slanders will ultimately redound upon himself.”

He paused, while Julia stepped aside a little, and bending, plucked a small flower from a bush that grew by a thorn hedge in the field. She looked at it; inhaled its fragrance; and then presented it to Harry, observing, “What a late blossom! and how sweetly fragrant!”

Harry took it, and after smelling it, placed it in the breast of his coat, saying, "I shall preserve it as a remembrance of this evening's walk. May it be to me a pleasant reminder of the hand that plucked it!"

Julia started a little, and then smiled, a slight crimson tinge passing over her cheeks and forehead the meantime.

He continued, "Do you think it strange, Miss Granville, that I should express myself so?"

"How, Mr. Moore?"

"That I wish to retain this flower as a gift, the value of which to me consists entirely in the fact that it was plucked by you, and *given to me by you?*"

Julia smiled faintly, and a slight tremor passed over her frame. She made no reply, but walked on slowly, her eyes cast down upon the ground. He walked on in silence by her side for a few minutes; and then taking her hand in his, he stopped, and said, in a low voice, "Julia—pardon me if I offend you by speaking your name so freely—I love you."

They both remained stationary and silent for some seconds; after which she bent

forward and leant her head upon his shoulder. He passed his arm around her waist, and pressed her to his bosom.

He then whispered, "You love me, dearest?"

She made no reply, but pressed her hands upon her eyes, which were moist with tears.

"Are you displeased with me, Julia?" he asked.

She then answered, "I am happy, dear Harry."

He pressed her to his heart, and impressed a kiss upon her lips. They then walked on in silence for several minutes, her arm folded within his. At length, he said, smiling, and looking into her eyes, "Julia, I am happy, too. How often have I longed for this hour! for the hour when I should tell you all that I felt, and all that I hoped. But I hesitated; and I did so for reasons which you can, perhaps, appreciate now; not the least of which was—ay, the chief of which was, that I feared to renew within your bosom the sorrows which fell upon you and your family by the death of your dear father, and the calamities which accompanied that sad event. But, I trust that I shall be able, in some degree, at least, to make up for that loss to

you, by my devotion to your interests and to your happiness, which from this hour I promise. Your family, too, shall share my warmest affections; their welfare will be my welfare; their happiness will be my happiness. Herbert, as you are aware, has been always my companion and my friend; I have loved him as a brother; and from the moment that he left college at the death of your father, I felt as if the blow which fell upon him then, had reached the inmost recesses of my own soul. It is true that even then my heart was turned to you; yes, even then I loved you; and though I never breathed my love for you to him, or to any one, except, perhaps, to my sister, yet I felt that my destiny was entwined with yours and with that of your family. I am happy now; and from this hour forward, I shall strive to make myself worthy of your love, and worthy of the blessing which God has vouchsafed me in securing me that love."

While he thus spoke, his voice was tremulous with emotion; and at the conclusion he bent his head towards hers, and pressed his lips upon her forehead. She lifted her eyes, which had hitherto rested upon the ground, and looked tenderly into his face.

Her cheeks were moist from the tears which had trickled upon them during Harry's recital of his love, and of the interest he had so long felt in her brother's and family's fortunes. She wiped the tears from her cheeks, and then, leaning forward, she kissed him. As she did so, she said, in soft, tremulous accents, "Dear, dear Harry! I do indeed love you!" As they walked on she said, "I hope you will not think it strange that I should have so readily acknowledged the feelings of my heart towards you. I have long felt, as you yourself say, my soul's affections turned to you. I wished to conceal my feelings from everybody, for I thought it would be wrong in me to indulge hopes which I had no just cause to entertain, and which, in time, must perish, leaving me more desolate than before. But I found that I could not dispel them from my mind; they still haunted me as though they were a part of my existence; and I sometimes thought that to destroy them would be to put an end to my life. I say, I wished to conceal all this; but there was one from whom it was impossible for me to disguise my heart. It was Herbert. He seemed to know every thought of my mind, every throb of my soul. Whether it was that his love

for your sister had turned his thoughts upon your family and upon everything that concerned them, or that a sympathy with me had given him an insight into my heart, I do not know; but he understood my feelings, and knew, so he told me, that they were centred upon you. I confessed the truth. And do you know what, Harry?"—she lifted up her face to his, with a gentle, confiding smile, in which joy and happiness were mixed—"from that time he appeared to me to feel a deeper, a warmer friendship for you than ever. And I felt so proud of it! I had feared, at first, that if I told him how I loved you, he would have got angry with me; but when he knew all, when he heard all, so far was he from showing any feeling of displeasure, that he looked brighter and happier than ever."

"My noble-minded Herbert!" exclaimed Harry; "how true you have ever been to your noble nature! Julia, I know Herbert well; none is better acquainted with the inmost thoughts of his soul; and this I undertake to say, that there lives not a man whose thoughts are purer, whose heart is gentler and kinder, and whose mind is more exalted and generous than his. He is the

very essence of truth, and the soul of honour ; and if the occasion arose to-morrow, I believe in my soul that Herbert would interpose his life between me and death. Such is my opinion of him, founded upon an experience of years of college life ; and it is there, Julia, that the character is developed, as well as understood. Well, he would do that ; he would risk his life to save mine. Julia, would I be worthy of the name of man if I did not feel myself capable of performing the same office for him ? No. Let what may befall, Herbert and I shall walk hand in hand along the vale of life, loving and cherishing each other."

Thus conversing on topics immediately connected with their own destinies, and reverting again and again to their early intimacy, and the first hours when they felt the spark of mutual affection lighting up their breasts, they passed round the wooded glade, and returned to Ash Grove by the fields immediately in the rear of the garden, where the summer-house overlooked the scene. They then passed into the lawn, and entered the house.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DENNY MULLINS, THE PIPER, PAYS A VISIT TO
THE GLAZEMENT—NELLY CORCORAN AND HIM-
SELF HOLD HIGH DISCOURSE.

It was a dull, heavy day, in the early autumn ; the sun lay concealed within a dusky curtain of cloud and mist ; and the hills looked dark and gloomy amid the vapours that lay like a shroud around them. Denny Mullins smoked his pipe in the chimney-corner of his own little cabin, while the air was thick and drowsy outside, and the old woman, his mother, was clearing away the *débris* of the dinner of potatoes, and pork, and cabbage, of which herself and Denny had just partaken. Denny smoked on, and watched with dreamy indifference the vapour as it passed from his mouth and moved in lazy curls up the chimney. His mind was occupied with thoughts of jigs, and reels, and planxties, and by neces-

sary concatenation, with cheering and shouting, and high merriment. Then would follow another train of thought in close connexion with all this—courtship, and match-making, and weddings—until he began to feel as if he were actually engaged in forwarding some great event on which the happiness of some love-entangled pair was dependent. Then he would take the pipe from his mouth, puff the vapour slowly from his lips, with his eyes half closed ; and then giving way to the ideas that crowded upon his brain, exclaim, with a suppressed voice and a slow deliberate movement of the head, which assisted the energy of the expression, “ By the bogs of Moonduv, they are what you might call a likely, clever couple.—A lovin’ couple. They’ll be yoked yet as firm as Father Marshall can fasten ’em. Believe me ; that’s the way ’twill be, or I’m not Denny Mullins.”

He would then replace the pipe in his mouth, and glide on in another stream of thought, until at length he rose from the chimney-corner, looked out at the door, and examined the weather. “ I think,” he said, addressing the *ould woman*, as he used to call his mother, “ I’ll take a ramble across the glen to see how they are getting on over at the Glazement ;

the evenin' 'll clear up, I'm thinkin', and I may as well go and find out what's going on in the village; for the captain, 'tis like, will be after coming out of it now."

"Don't be late, then," said the old woman. "I'll go down as far as Moll Dreelin's, if the evenin' 'll turn up; I want to get a loan of knit-needles from her to finish thim stockins; I broke one o' my own, and the rest are all wore out; there's no workin' wid 'em now. I'll be back early, and get supper. So be back before the night 'll be too dark."

Denny took his hat and stick; and having buttoned his big-coat close up to his chin, he sallied out to visit his "*ould* friend" and "*ancient* neighbour," the captain. He picked his way down the ravine, the furze-crowned hedge on either side shielding him from the *bite* of the weather, as he said to himself; and crossing the brawling stream—for it was now very active from recent heavy rain—as it jumped and tumbled along the bottom of the glen, he turned his face upwards, and keeping by the winding hedges, as they straggled zig-zag up the side of the hill, he soon reached the comfortable and cosy cottage of the captain. He lifted the latch and entered. Nelly Corcoran welcomed him, and, lifting a

corner of her check apron, rubbed the seat of a stool, and, placing this in the corner by the warm turf-fire, told him to sit down. Little Minny Rice, Nelly's granddaughter, was also delighted to see him ; but felt much dejected when she found that he hadn't brought his pipes. He took her upon his knees, however, and whistled a jig for her, which he told her was as good as if it came out o' the chanter. He inquired for the captain ; but was informed that he had gone down to the village after his breakfast, and hadn't yet returned. If he shouldn't be here soon, Nelly said, she wouldn't expect him until near supper-time, as 'twas likely he 'ud call at Ash Grove, and, maybe, at Brookfield Hall. Whenever he went to the village in the morning, 'twas seldom he came home before night. So Denny made his mind easy, and leaning his back against the side wall of the chimney-place, and widening out his legs so as to receive the full benefit of the glowing fire, he fell into high discourse with his *ould* neighbour and acquaintance, Nelly Corcoran, occasionally giving variety and zest to the discourse by tossing Minny on his knee and whistling her a merry tune.

“ And how does the world use you at all,

at all, Nelly," asked Denny, looking over at his old friend, who sat on a boss (straw stool) at the opposite side of the fire-place, patching a pair of trousers. "You look strong and hearty, God bless you."

"Oh, faix, there's no fear of me; as long as I have enough to ate and drink I'll never complain; and I have that, thank's be to God," was the reply of Nelly.

"Well, then, 'tis a long spell now since you and I first danced 'Cover the Buckle' in Bill Daly's barn the time the dance used to be there," observed Denny, rubbing his hands, and throwing one leg over the other in the excitement of the recollection; then throwing himself back into his former position, he went on, "Peg Duffy was a bouncin' girl at that time. I was a spell at her house the other day, and 'tis she looks well. In troth, you might cut beef-steaks off her jaws, and she 'udn't miss 'em. God keep her so."

"She was a bouncin' girl, shure enough," said Nelly, "but she hadn't look or grace after marryin' that *skial-a-velth* (rollicker) of a man she had. Ah, then, she might get the best match in the parish if she had sinse and didn't take to dancin' and gallivantin' the same as she did. 'Tisn't look or grace ever

comes o' the like. What I say, ever and always, Denny, is that any girl as goes about to dances and the like, and carryin' on wid this boy and that boy, and streelin' about with 'em, here and there, day and night, can't expect anything but shame and sorrow. Nothin' else can come out of sich doin's. Let a girl respect herself, and keep herself to herself, and mind her duty, and then God's grace will be along wid her wherever she goes. God help us, some of the girls that was goin' then, as well as now, hadn't much sinse in their heads, nor the fear o' God in their hearts, if they had 'tisen't like buttherflies they'd be goin'—big show and little substance—shiny outside and shilly-shally inside. The cratur! one would think there was nothin' inside of 'em but a cricket, makin' 'em run about without rhyme or raison, not knowin' what they were sayin' or doin'. She have a son that's no better than the father was, God help him. They say that he is now at the head of the Whitefeet, and that the war is goin' to be in the place before Christmas.

“Allelu!” she exclaimed, bursting into laughter, “what a purty commandher the people 'll have when Paddy Larkin 'll be carryin' his sword 'efore 'em. And there's Jer

Grinnex too; they say he is goin' to be another commandher. Allelu! allelu! Jer Grinnex and Paddy Larkin! They wanted to make Ned Doolin and Bill Cleary join 'em; but *they* have betther sinse. Did you hear, Denny, that its goin' to be a match between Ned Doolin and Peggy Cummins? And I hear, too, that Bill Cleary and Judy Casey are all in all. Faith then, either Ned Doolin or Bill Cleary might go farther and speed worse. Believe me, Peggy Cummins wouldn't turn her back on any girl in the parish in the regard of bein' a well-handed girl; and as for carakther and conduct there could be no one betther. She is seen, but not heard; that's the way to say it. And there's Judy Casey, as purty and as knowledgeable a girl as you'd find in the three counties. And shure, she is a nottable housekeeper; and so is Peggy Cummins too. Oh, in troth, Ned Doolin and Bill Cleary aren't blind when they're takin' to sich girls as them. *They're* what you might call girls; fine, and clever, and sinsible; 't isn't all the same as the shkibs (flirts) that's goin', that don't know the difference 'etween a tomtit and a turkey. But, Denny, did you hear—and shure you did, for 'tis the round o' the parish now—about Masther Harry

Moore and Miss Julia Granville? Oh, 'tis all settled, they say. So 'tis a double match, you see. There's Masther Herbert Granville and Miss Fanny Moore to be married for certain, whatever time his property is to fall into his hands. Some say 'tis his uncle the curnel, in America, is goin' to get it for him; and some say 'tis Lord Fairborough, myself don't know which is the likeliest. Hows'ever, sea or land can't separate them, for they're dyin' about one another. Ullalu! I wondher what 'll that half *liaka* (fool), Joe Whitmore, do: he's losin' his walk, they say, afther Miss Fanny. O Yia! well become of him, indeed; the likes of him of an upsthart *cummerlachaun* (ungainly person) to be thinkin' of a rale lady, wid the red blood of the Moores a runnin' in her veins. Shure 'twould be the sin of the world to see a half-cracked upsthart, widout a drop of rale blood in him—for where would he get it? to see the likes of him streched alongside of Miss Fanny Moore, wid her white skin, and her lovely blood. Ululu! God 'etween us and all harm, that we'd ever live to see the day. Faith, and in troth, they say, Denny, that Mrs. Credan is tryin' every hook and hangers to have Joe Whitmore and Miss Fanny married. There's

for you, now. Who'd drame o' that? No less, Mrs. Credan; ay, and will you believe me? Mrs. Moore herself is tryin' the same thing. Well, there it is for you. Whatever way you'll turn up your eyes, Denny Mullins, there it is for you. Not a word o' lie in it. Shure the world 'll soon come to an ind when sich things is turnin' out. But, no, O Yia! no; Miss Fanny would rather Masther Herbert's little toe than five hundred times the bigness of Joe Whitmore. Joe Whitmore, eh? Arra, don't tell me; if I was a girl to-morrow—my hand to you—I would no more marry Joe Whitmore than I'd drown myself in the say (sea), for all that I haven't a drop o' blood in my veins. And then to put him, the likes of him, alongside of Masther Herbert! Isn't that a purty comparisment? Masther Herbert! a man that I'd marry—supposin' I had blood in my veins—that I'd marry wid an inch of a candle, supposin' I never ate a bit afther. O Yia! Mrs. Credan indeed! We know all about it. If I was as young to-day as I was when she was afther one that we know—ay, and a fine blooded gintleman he was, and is to this day; but he is altered a bit since then. Well, he was dyin' about her, as well as she was dyin' about

him ; but, the same as I was saying 'efore, nothin' 'ud do her but to be goin' about here and there wid every Tom, Dick, and Harry of a gintleman that came across her, widout as much sinse as a ninnyhammer in her head, like ; but shure she had sinse for all that, and the blood, and everything ; but she hadn't the right sinse ; she hadn't the grace o' God to keep her in the straight road. And she was goin' on gallivantin' wid every one, and all the time dyin' about the one I know, till in the long run she married a man she hadn't love or likin' for, I may say ; but a good, honest gintleman for all that, and one of her own blood relations. Well, the man that was dyin' about her, and that she was dyin' about him, never married any one since. And the love for him is in her heart yet, and always will be. But what's the good o' that ? No good, but harm ; for she is contrairy ever since ; and she'd like every one to have a touch o' the same sickness as herself. Yes, she is so contrairy, after what she done agin her own heart, that she'd fain make her own niece, her sisther's daughter, fall out in the same way. So, Denny, there's no knowin' what people 'll do, high and low, when they once lose the grace o' God, and put up wid

pride, and foolishness, and coourtin', and gallivantin, widout sinse or raison in their doin's. Ah, then, 'twas she was the fine comely girl, when she was Miss Fanny Credan; 'tis after her Miss Fanny Moore was called; and the beautiful skin and eyes she had! But Miss Fanny Moore won't go astray for any one; the grace o' God is joined to her handsome face, and her lovely skin; and she'll have Masther Herbert in spite of 'em all."

Denny had assumed a new attitude after Nelly had proceeded for a little time with her narrative; instead of remaining with his back to the side wall of the chimney-place, and his legs spread wide apart, he placed his elbows on his knees, and rested his chin and cheeks between his open palms, presenting, in some measure, the appearance of a pair of flat props supporting a ball. His two eyes, which were half closed, peered out from between his hands, and rested upon the narrator. After she had come to a pause, he said, without in the slightest way altering his position,—

"Nelly Corcoran! you opened my eyes; you incensed me in things I know'd nothin' of 'efore. And you tell me that Mrs. Credan is fillanderin' afther Joe Whitmore, to get

him for her niece, that is; for Miss Fanny Moore. Hee-e-e! hee-e-e! Nelly Corcoran! the longer we live the more we'll see; and the more we'll hear too. Well, did you ever hear the like? Mrs. Credan! the woman that ought to rise up and say that she'd never draw rein or bridle 'till Miss Fanny Moore was welded, like steel, to Masther Herbert Granville; becasse why? becasse they were made for one another in love, and beauty, and family; and becasse agin, they'd never see a day's luck, either of 'em, if they'd marry any one else but their own four bones to one another. And what call would Joe Whitmore have to be lookin' afther Miss Fanny Moore? Look now, Nelly Corcoran! he is as much fit for her as I am for Lord Fairborough's daughter. 'Twould be agin natur' to have 'em joined: becasse why? they couldn't be joined; they could be no more welded together than steel and bogash. They'd fall asunder the minute you struck the first blow on 'em. And Mrs. Credan, eh? Hee-e-e! hee-e-e! I wondher will women ever have sinse. Shure, blazes to her gizzard, she ought to know what it is to turn her back on the man she was dyin' about, and who was dyin' about her; and not to be tryin'

to drag other people into the flames wid herself. But, I'll tell you, Nelly Corcoran, what way it is: you never see any one in the yollow jaunders but 'ud like to see others smeared wid it as well as themselves. That's the way 'tis wid Mrs. Credan: she did a thing she was sorry for, and is sorry for, and will be always sorry for; and 'twould relieve her to see others do the same thing. I know'd the gintleman she was dyin' about, as well as I know my right hand; and shure enough, there's not in the seven counties betther blood, or a comelier man: and then she went and married another man that sne didn't care a traneeen for; and all for whims, and notions, and foolishness. And there she is now grindin' her teeth for spite. Not but the gintleman she got is good enough for her—he is one of the Credans shure enough; and a noble gintleman he is. But what's the good o' that? Nelly! believe me, if you had atin' and drinkin' o' the best, and silks and satins o' the richest and dearest; and that your heart was troubled and your mind on the *shaughraun* (unsettled), 'twould be all of no use. Eh? that's as true as if I took my Bible-oath on it. And you tell me that it is a match 'etween Masther

Harry Moore and Miss Julia Granville. I'll tell you what it is, Nelly; that's not one o' the seven wondhers o' the world. Did you ever see a pidgeon fallin' in love wid a drake? or a woodquest travellin' wid a crow? By course, no; becase, why? 'twould be agin sinse. If Miss Julia Granville and Masther Harry Moore wasn't in love wid one another, I wouldn't believe in Natur' no longer. Ay! ay! that's the octave of it; Miss Julia and Masther Harry; and Miss Fanny and Masther Herbert. Whoo-oo-oo! I wish the captain was come home. He'll say *de novo* to that, I'll swear. And Paddy Larkin, too. Hee-e-e! hee-e-e! Oh, I'm insinsed that Paddy is a ginerall; becase he tould me so himself; and a fine bould ginerall he'll make when the war'll begin. What do you think of it at all, Nelly? Only for the poor ould woman beyand—a man's mother, you know—I wouldn't half mind how 'twould go. The boys'll be strong; and they'll gather from every place round about: and if the sogers don't come blazin' on 'em of a sudden, they might carry the day. You see, there is nothin' like havin' the first blast; when you lose that, 'tis ten to one but your mouth'll

of their courts and demesnes, and to give 'em to Moll Dreelin and Jer Grinnex. *Oh, Yia! oh, Yia!* (Oh, God! oh, God!) Did any one ever hear the likes? Isn't it a wondher to me that you didn't ever larn any sinse in your born days; and you ever and always a talkin' and discoursin' wid the captain, a man who travelled the world, and was livin' in all parts, and knows every thing from the stars down. Will you ever have any sinse? Can you larn any sinse? Or is it the bagpipes took it all out o' your head, and left you as you are? Shure the mother that reared you can't know peace or comfort as long as you're mindin' Paddy Larkin, and sich idle, strollin', good-for-nothin' roolaghs (gadding fellows). Allelu! 'twould be fitter for the idle, shkampin' blackguard to mind his work, and take care of his mother in the latter end of her days—the poor ould woman!—than to be carryin' on, making a fool of himself, and earning the gallows for himself, and others too. God grant him sinse, and put him in the state of grace, the strollin' gallivantin', unlucky *smuggachawn* (dirty-nosed fellow). Denny Mullins, I'm wondherin' at you. Did *you* ax (ask) the captain about the business? If

you did he'd tell you what I'm sayin' is true. Yes, as thrue as the sun in the shky. Shure, I'd be as blind as yourself only for he tould me all; and isn't he knowledgeable, I ax you? Isn't he the knowledgeablest man in these parts? Is anything blind of him? What could a poor cratur of a woman like me know, only for he tould me? Denny Mullins, listen to him, and larn sinse."

She again rose, and taking her seat at the opposite corner, she resumed her former position and her work.

Denny, during this lecture, appeared deep in reflection. Doubt, wonder, and bewilderment took possession of his countenance in turn. But when she had concluded, and removed to the other side of the fireplace, he drew a deep breath, and appeared somewhat relieved. He then folded his arms around his legs, and looked up the chimney, with his mouth open, and his eyes half closed. In this attitude he continued for some time, but at length he turned his eyes in the direction of Nelly, and rubbing his right ear with his left hand, he muttered,—

"Troth, 'tis droll enough. Where's this I was? Ay; there's no fear of the ould mother after all. Well and good. If the

of their courts and demesnes, and to give 'em to Moll Dreelin and Jer Grinnex. *Oh, Yia! oh, Yia!* (Oh, God! oh, God!) Did any one ever hear the likes? Isn't it a wondher to me that you didn't ever larn any sinse in your born days; and you ever and always a talkin' and discoursin' wid the captain, a man who travelled the world, and was livin' in all parts, and knows every thing from the stars down. Will you ever have any sinse? Can you larn any sinse? Or is it the bagpipes took it all out o' your head, and left you as you are? Shure the mother that reared you can't know peace or comfort as long as you're mindin' Paddy Larkin, and sich idle, strollin', good-for-nothin' roolaghs (gadding fellows). Allelu! 'twould be fitter for the idle, shkampin' blackguard to mind his work, and take care of his mother in the latter end of her days—the poor ould woman!—than to be carryin' on, making a fool of himself, and earning the gallows for himself, and others too. God grant him sinse, and put him in the state of grace, the strollin' gallivantin', unlucky *smuggachaun* (dirty-nosed fellow). Denny Mullins, I'm wondherin' at you. Did *you* ax (ask) the captain about the business? If

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"Troth, 'tis droll enough. Where's this I was? Ay; there's no fear of the ould mother after all. Well and good. If the

war don't come, what'll happen I wondher? Maybe they'd take the chains off the legs of the poor ould counthry without any fightin' at all. Why, yes, that 'ud be the best. But, tell me this, if Paddy Larkin ben't a gineral, and able to conquer all 'efore him, what reason would O'Connel have to be blowin' undher him? That's what I'd like to know. He tould me for certain that Dan himself was at the head o' this business, and that Gineral O'Doherty was his right-hand man. There now; what'll you make o' that? To be shure, the captain is a knowlegeable man; and, above all men, I'd like to follow in his track; but, then, when O'Connel, you see, the greatest and the wisest man in the world, is for the risin', and lays down the law as clear and as straight as my chanter, what am I to do, or any poor man like me? Does the captain know how it is betther than O'Connel? There's the question. Who'll answer me that? Nelly, do you know what? In troth, I'm insinsed that Joe Whitmore is for the business, and that he tould Jer Grinnex the same. 'Carry on, Jer,' says he, 'and gain your rights.' What do you say to that now? And more than that Peter Mackey tould me—Peter himself is all for it

—but he tould me that Bartley Croker, the 'torney—Bartley the Divil, you know—is of opinion that the business ought to go on, and that the risin' ought to be bould and manly. There's for you."

Nelly laid aside the work she had in hand, locked her fingers into each other, her elbows resting on her knees, and raising her eyes up towards the open space of the chimney-corner, exclaimed,—

"The Lord be praised! Joe Whitmore, Peter Mackey, and Bartley Croker, the 'torney—Bartley the Divil—all joinin' in the risin'! Did any one ever hear tell o' the like? Are you in earnest, Denny Mullins? or is it dramin' you are? or have you your right sinses about you? or what is the matther wid you at all, at all? As long as I know you—and that is many a long year now—since I was the height of that,"—and she extended one of her hands about two feet above the hearthstone—"I never thought that the Lord left you without as much sinse as 'ud fit in a gandher's head. But, now, I see how it is wid you. God help you, you poor cratur; shure I wouldn't like to be hard on you, but what can any one say but that you're a holy show for the want of the

sinse. Listen to me, Denny Mullins. God help the mother that reared you, and when she was rearin' you, shure she thought 'twasn't an *innocent* entirely she was carryin' in her arms. But listen to me. Joe Whitmore, Bartley Croker, and Peter Mackey, are they the men you spoke of? are they the men that are goin' to join the risin'? Do you know who *they* will join? I'll tell you. They'll join the *informer*, they'll join the *hangman*, they'll join the *divil*. Do you know now who they'll join, Denny Mullins? If Joe Whitmore had anything to gain by it, or any revinge to satisfy by it, he'd inform agin every man from this to the end of the world. If Peter Mackey could put one goolden guinea more in his crock than is in it already, he'd stand undher the gallows-tree, and hidin' himself behind somethin' so as not to let any one see him, he'd haul upon the rope that 'ud be round his mother's neck, as if 'twas a cat he was hangin'. And as for Bartley Croker, O Yia! Bartley, the 'torney! Bartley the Divil! God help us, he is not called out of his name. Shure they say the divil was his father. The Lord presarve us and come 'etween us and all harm. Denny Mullins, Bartley Croker 'udn't spare the best

man that ever walked Ireland's ground if he thought 'twould bring a penny to his pocket. He wouldn't pretend though—oh, no, he wouldn't pretend that he'd crack an egg under his foot, he's so nice and so pious. He's in all the ordhers, they say; but when once he finds out the scint of anything that'll bring gain to him, he'll not stay nor rest 'till he come at that, by lies, and by schemes, and by deceivin', and by roguery, and by parjery, and by murder—yes, by murder, Denny Mullins. He wouldn't murder a man wid his own hand; but, all the same, he would put up others to do it. And the worst of all is this, while he'd be followin' these wicked ways he'd have his eyes turned up to heaven 'efore the congregation, like a saint; and he'd be givin' charity round about to the collectors for the love o' God. Yes, for the love o' God, that's what he'd tell 'em. God defend us from the bad angels. They say—whisper, Denny—they say that the divil was a bright angel in heaven once, just the same as a clargy. What do you say to that? Shure I heard Father Markham sayin', wid my own two ears, that there's no end to the saints and to the clargy that's burnin' in the bottomless pit—that's in hell; and that the

poorest cratur that goes about beggin' her bit in this world is bettther off than any of 'em. The most of 'em that's down in that place is nothin' but grand people, and lords, and ladies of honour. And shure it stands to raison. When you're poor and honest in this world, and when you go to your duty, and when you don't rob, or steal, or take anything belonging to your neighbours, and when you give shelter and a bit to eat to the poor cratures that's begging about for themselves and their childher, then you'll go straight to heaven, without any danger to sowl or body. Not all as one wid the rich : they have their heaven here in this world, and then in coourse of raison they have no call to go to heaven when they'll die, but they'll go to the bottomless pit where there's nothin' but fire and brimstone, and all sorts of varmint. But whath Father Markham said in the sarmin was this, that the grandees, that is, the rich and grand people, can go to heaven as well as the poor, if they attind to their duty, and be good to the cratures that's in want, and give good examples to every person about 'em ; and not to be proud or conceited, or turnin' up their nose at those below 'em. That's what

Father Markham said in my hearin', as well as I could bring it. But he spoke grand to be shure. Glory be to God! 'tis he have the tongue. You'd never be tired of the beautiful English he'd be spakin' when he'd be givin' out the sarmin.'"

Denny listened very attentively; for he saw that there was much wisdom in the observations of his companion, however rudely and incoherently expressed. Besides, he had a high opinion of the experience and discretion for which she was noted throughout the neighbourhood; and was the more desirous on that account of hearing her opinions on any subject that occupied his own mind, or that was agitated among those with whom he came in contact. When, therefore, he introduced the topics of the rising of the Whitefeet, and of the part that Whitmore, and Mackey, and Croker were supposed to be prepared to take in that affair, he did not express the convictions of his own mind with reference to either the one or the other. He merely wished to hear Nelly's views on both; so that he might thereby be assisted in shaping his own views, or in modifying those which he had already formed. He did not entirely agree with her as to the propriety or

effects of the rising, though he leant a good deal to the side which pointed to its folly and absurdity ; but as to the intentions ascribed to the three worthies, Whitmore, Mackey, and Croker, of aiding and abetting the rising for the benefit of the people and the promotion of the public good, and also as to their real characters, he entirely concurred in the observations she had made on both these topics. Yet he did not care to tell her so : for he was a man who preferred to be thought incapable of forming shrewd opinions on passing events, to being esteemed an acute observer of them. This was his peculiarity ; arising perhaps from the nature of his occupation, which brought him in contact with all sorts of people, rich and poor, high and low, Whigs and Tories, Whitefeet, and the opponents of Whitefeet.

In replying to her observations, therefore, he evaded the disputed points altogether, and confined himself to the dogmatic question as to who were, and who were not, entitled to enter heaven. He turned round on his seat, after she had closed her remarks : and, placing himself in an attitude by which his face was partly turned to the wall behind him, and his back partly turned to Nelly,

with one hand supporting his head, and the other under the elbow of the former, he commenced to say,—

“I don’t know but you may be partly right, and may be partly wrong. ’Tisn’t every one as is able to tell how it goes on in the other world. That is, if there is any other world at all; though myself believes there is. Father Markham knows all about it, by coourse; although, Nelly, it isn’t clear to me that those clargy can be depinded on when they do be makin’ their sarmins. It stands to raison that they must be tellin’ us somethin’ or other, and if they didn’t tell about the other world, ’tis hard to say what business they’d have among us at all. You see, we are able to make out this world ourselves—every one accordin’ to his business. There’s myself; I goes to a weddin’, and to a party, and to a haulin’ home, and to a grand ball, or a grand dinner, to play my pipes, and to earn a shillin’; and when I come home, the ould woman puts down the pot, and provides accordin’ to manes. Well and good; all the clargy in the univarsal world don’t know more anent that than myself and the ould woman, nor half as much; savin’ their raverance. And so on, wid the captain and

Nelly Corcoran ; and so on wid every one else. Now thin, what sort of business would the clargy have in the world at all, if they had nothin' to say about some other world that nobody ever yet seen, nor, maybe, never would. They have a good trade, hows'ever, Nelly. And myself don't begridge it to 'em ; God forbid. If there was ne'er a hell in it, nor e'er a divil, myself don't know what 'ud become of the clargy at all ; the cratures 'ud starve, exceptin' somethin' 'ud be give out to 'em by the Soupers, or some other charitable Christians that 'ud be goin' about lookin' for the poor. But what odds is it to me, or to you, Nelly, or to any one that have to earn their bit and their sup, whether there's any other world, or any divil ; shure it won't put the value of a blind nought in our pockets. Not all as one as the clargy ; they get a good bit, and a good sup by it ; and they rowl about on their horses and coaches, just the same as if they were the lords of the land. And more good may it do 'em ; 't isn't wishin' 'em any harm I am, but just tellin' how it came about that the other world, and the divil, and all, was invented for the good o' trade. Nelly, did Father Markham say that the rich would go to heaven as well as the poor ? ”

“He did so; and I believe him, too—that’s some of ’em,” replied Nelly.

“Well,” continued Denny, “’tis a droll sayin’. Ah, then I heerd a clargy sayin’ the contrairy o’ that; and as good and ’cute a clargy as Father Markham. I heeard him sayin’ that one of ’em, that’s of the rich people, had no more chance of goin’ there than a camel had to go through the eye of a needle. What do you think of that now? And a camel is as big as a cow. And then, by coourse, if they can’t go to heaven, there’s no other place for ’em to go but hell: exceptin’ purgatory: and, by all accounts, that’s no bettther than hell. That is, if all they say be true—and I don’t know whether it is or not, Nelly Corcoran. I know I saw a spirit once: but, faith, I was afraid to speak to him. My hair stood of an end on the top of my head: and every drop of sweat that run down my body was as big as your thumb. They say, if you’d cross yourself three times, and turn up the tail o’ your coat, and look under your legs, wid your back turned to him, he should speak to you, and tell you his business. But I’d fall into a faint ’efore I’d go through half that. It was when I was crossin’ the pinch on the side o’ the hill, comin’ up from

Barnadarrag, ten years come next April. He stood 'efore me on the *cussaraun* (path) in the shape of a greyhound. The sight left my eyes when I seen him, and I had like to fall in a heap on the spot. I shut my eyes till I wouldn't see him agin, and I made back as fast as I could, till I came to Tim Murphy's, and when I went inside the door, and seen the light, I fainted like a dead corpse. That's how 'twas, Nelly Corcoran. And, believe me, I never came that way agin in the night."

Nelly appeared deeply interested in the story of the spirit, as, indeed, she did in all that Denny had said in reference to hell and purgatory. The Whitefeet and the rising vanished from her mind, and all her thoughts became occupied with the affairs of the other world. She laid by her work, and renewed the fire, telling Minny Rice to bring in some fresh sods from the linny, while she herself was clearing away the ashes, and *straightening up* the fire. In the meantime she kept dropping exclamations and broken phrases, so as to keep the train of her ideas as much as possible from entanglement. After having put down the fresh sods, and swept away the ashes, and made everything look tight and

cosy, she sat down again opposite to Denny ; and taking a ball of yarn from a hole or recess in the wall beside her, she commenced to patch a stocking which Minny had brought to her from the drawer of the dresser. She looked very grave and thoughtful ; but it was evident, from the movement of her lips, and the occasional glance which she cast across at Denny, that there was something of moment agitating her mind ; and that she was struggling with her thoughts in the endeavour to put them in order, and then pour them out in full tide upon the ear of her companion. She coughed a low and lazy cough two or three times ; and then seeming to have gained a complete mastery over the mob of ideas that were shuffling through her brain, she opened her mouth, and thus began,—

“ As sure as you and myself are sittin’ here, Denny Mullins, there’s sich a place as purgatory ; and ’tis there the poor Christians must go before the gates of heaven can open for ’em. Don’t you believe any one that’ll tell you to the contrary. And shure you ought to know that yourself long ago. There’s little Minny there can tell you about it, and she is not eight years of age yet. And ’tis

a queer thing that a man of your age, Denny Mullins, would be without knowin' what a little child like that have by heart long ago. Look at your Catechism, and you'll see it there laid down in black and white as plain as the daylight. Shure if there wasn't such a place in the other world who'd ever expect to go to heaven, where there's no one livin' but saints and angels, without spot or stain, or anything on 'em, but as white as the driven snow. And poor sinners like us to think of goin' among them is out of all *raison*, until we're first cleared of our sins, and fit to show ourselves in cleanliness and decency among 'em. Didn't I hear Father Markham sayin' that nothin' unpure would be allowed into heaven; and what is that, but that we must be like a clane bleached linen shirt, starched and ironed, 'efore we dare show our face in sich a place. 'Tisn't all as one as goin' to purgatory, where anyone can walk in exceptin' robbers and murdherers, and the likes; but *they* can't, since they must go to hell to suffer for ever and ever, amen. Out of hell there's no redemption; the meanin' of that is, when once the poor sowls, God help 'em, are sent there through means of their sins, there's no back door for 'em to escape out of it, but they

must stay there, burnin' in fire and brimstone, with sarpints and all sorts of varmin crawlin' about 'em, 'till the end of the world, and afther it—oh, ay, for all etarnity. But purgatory is not all the same as that. The robbers, and thieves, and murdherers, and the wicked people entirely, that don't mind anything, or believe anything but this world and their bellies—and shure, God help us, there's enough of them same goin'—well, hell was made for them. But poor cratur's that are strugglin' and strivin' to do what's right and honest, and to keep God's commandments, and to love their neighbours as themselves for the love of God, shure 'tishn't to hell the good God wou'd be sendin' them. No; He made purgatory to send 'em there for a little while until they were cleared of their faults—maybe a little lie, or a little carelessness in sayin' of their prayers, or maybe, a bad thought runnin' in their heads, without the cratur's ever thinkin' of doin' it. Yes, Denny Mullins, they must stay there for a while till they are clean and sweet to be brought to heaven among the angels and the saints, and in the company of God Himself, and of His blessed mother. There's poor Andy Dobbin, the cratur who never did hurt or harm to any one,

but who was kind and lovin' to the poorest beggar that walked the road, who loved God, and kept all His commandments—when he died the other day, maybe with a little, dauny (very small) stain of a sin on his sowl, would it be fair and right that he should walk straight to hell? If it wouldn't, and that he couldn't walk into heaven either—and shure, he couldn't do that as long as there was spot or speck on him—where, in the name of raison and marcy, was he to go? That's the raison purgatory was made by the good God, who promised all of us to give us accordin' to our earnin', that is, accordin' as we deserve it. So Andy Dobbin, maybe, went there; and, maybe, he went to heaven straight. Denny, you knowed Squire Brownlow—the Lord protect us, he was a wicked man—he walked on the necks of the poor; he cursed, and swore, and drank; he ruined every poor cratur he could lay hands on; he didn't care for the laws of God or the laws of man, and he died ravin' and roarin', that they say you wouldn't be in the betther of it all your born days. Denny Mullins, would it be fair to have him and Andy Dobbin sint to the same place, and kept in the same place for ever? I ax yourself that now? Would our good God

do the likes? Glory, honour, and praise be to His holy name, and to His blessed mother in heaven, for ever and ever, amin. Now, Denny Mullins, I ax you, afther that, have the clargy any business in this world? Shure your own sinse 'll tell you that they're God's messengers here, and that widout 'em the world 'ud be upside down. Is it to the likes of us poor ignorant cratur, that are blind to knowledge—is it to the likes of us the world 'ud be left to do whatever we liked, and whatever the divil might blow undher us? No, Denny Mullins, God knew betther, and so He sent us the clergy, anointin' them with holy oil, to stand here in place of Himself; just the same as Lord Fairborough's agent, Mr. Whitehead, is over the estate when the lord himself goes to England in the winther, and 'till he come back in the summer agin. Nothing 'ud go right if there wasn't some one over the estates and the tinants 'till the lord 'ud come back. And so God 'pointed the clargy over the world 'till the day of judgment, when He'll come to the fore Himself, and settle everything to His own likin'. That's the way 'tis laid out. And, Denny Mullins, you know that as well as myself, but you must be tendin' your humours, and contradictin' God's truth.

But don't you be givin' yourself that fashion, for fear the divil might blow undher you, and, may be, God wouldn't stretch out His hand to you when you'd be in want of His help. Think o' that."

She then paused, and blessing herself quietly and unobserved by Denny, began to mutter some prayers. This was evidenced by her silent breathing, the rapid motion of her lips, and the occasional tapping on her breast with her clenched hand. Denny, in the meantime, remained fixed in the attitude we have already described, with the exception that he had turned his face closer to the wall—so close indeed that his nose occasionally touched it—and gave more of his back to the lecturer. He had also shifted his arms from time to time, putting one hand now, and another again under each cheek alternately.

After Nelly had paused, we say, he maintained the same attitude, and looked as though he were unconscious of the pause, with this exception, that he stealthily rolled round one of his eyes, that which lay nearer to the line in which she bore from him, as if to inquire the cause and nature of her abrupt termination of speech. But after this reconnoitring movement of his eye, it fell back

again into its former dreamy inclination towards the wall. At length Nelly, having terminated her pious meditations, renewed the conversation, that is, if her own theological disquisition may be designated by the name of conversation—for Denny, as we have seen, was entirely passive under the logical flow of her eloquence.

“And was it at the pinch,” she asked, “you seen the spirit?”

Denny never moved a muscle; he did not even send out his eye to reconnoitre the new position taken up by his adversary. He maintained his own position and attitude without faltering. Seeing this, and apparently pleased with it—for she made no sign that she had expected an answer to her question—Nelly went on,—

“’Tis many a year ago I heeard of that same pinch bein’ haunted; and good raison why. Did you ever hear [tell o’ the blind pedlar that used to be goin’ about long ago? Oh, you weren’t much good then, nor I either. Well, one night, a dark, dreary night that you couldn’t see your hand, and the wind blowin’ the same as if ’twas the end of the world was there; and the rain was goin wid the wind, enough to blind a

saint. That was the night; and 'twas near Christmas. I heeard my father tellin' it, many is the time, and the neigghours gathered round the fire, of a winther's night. I was small myself at the time; and I remimber I used to run between my father's knees, afraid o' my life that I'd be caught by the spirit. Ah, 'twas a woful time then. No one 'ud go out afther sunset for fear they 'ud be murdered. And where they buried him was down at Kildobbin churchyard. And no one 'ud pass by there afther, for the world; since he used to be seen goin' over the stile of the churchyard on his rounds, wid the pack on his back, and the same stick he had when he was alive. And then he'd go up to the pinch where they murdhered him, and stop there till near midnight, when he'd come back to the churchyard agin, and go over the stile, and across through the graves till he'd find out his own coffin; and lie there for the rest of the night. Peg Duffy could tell you how her uncle was comin' home from the fair of Corrigcastle one night, and when he was comin' towards Kildobbin churchyard what would he see just risin' over the stile but the pedlar, and his pack hangin' down on his back and his stick on the top o' the stile—in the

shape of a goat. As soon as he seen him, he lost his walk, and fell down on the middle o' the road, just the same as a corpse ; and he never rose out o' that spot till the men were goin' to work early in the mornin', and found him there, wid just the life in him, and that's all. They took him up, and brought him to the next house, that was Paddy Sheehan's, near the turnpike road, until his brother came down wid a horse and car, and carried him home ; and there he was stretched on the broad of his back in the bed for six long weeks 'efore he recovered his sinses, I may say, for he was as weak as a child in the bed. So, you see 't isn't right to be out in the night."

Denny, who was constantly shifting his position, during this recital, and occasionally drawing the sleeve of his coat across his forehead, which became covered with perspiration, moved farther into the chimney-corner when she had uttered the last words repeated above. And then looking tremulously around him, and fixing his eyes on Nelly, asked her what time would the captain be home ?

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ART OF ROGUERY—PIETY ASSISTS IT.

WHEN Denny Mullins inquired of Nelly what time the captain would be home, he was swayed solely by one feeling, and that was the fear of spirits. While Nelly was relating the accident that had befallen Peg Duffy's uncle when he had seen the pedlar's ghost on the stile in the shape of a goat, Denny's heart was undergoing a series of oscillations, inspired by fear, which caused him to reflect on the best mode of securing his safety against the dangers which he felt gathering around him. It is true that no ghosts had ever been known to appear on that line of communication which lay between the Glazement and his own cabin; yet, how was he to know that the spirit of the pedlar should not, on that particular evening, take a freak, and stroll into the glen, to meet him on his way home. And what further aided this rising apprehension in

his mind was, that while Nelly was advancing in her narrative, the evening was advancing in gloom and sullenness. The shades had thickened around the mountain side, and the wind began to rise, and to puff in sudden gusts down the chimney; and all this was accompanied with a pattering of rain against the window-panes. In short, a night of elemental uproar appeared to be approaching; and Denny was not a man that could allow such doings to go on without speculating as to their consequences to himself. He had often heard, and indeed it was a point of faith with him, that stormy nights, when gloom and weird shadows settled down upon the earth, and when wind and rain held high carnival in the air, were especially selected by the spirits of the dead to walk abroad, and visit those haunts around which in the days of their earthly pilgrimage they were wont to saunter. If the hour of twelve o'clock at night, that is, the midnight hour, had passed he should feel safe; because at that hour all wandering ghosts retired to their resting-places, and the way lay clear for live men travelling to their homes; but before that hour no man in his senses had any business to be out, especially in any place where it

was known spirits paid their visits. When, therefore, Denny inquired what time would the captain be home, he was influenced by his knowledge of the law which regulated the movements of the dead; and he felt that if he had to remain till midnight,—for, before that hour, his return home was not to be thought of, unless the captain accompanied him—and that there should be no one in the Glazement but himself and Nelly, and the “little *cratur* of a child, Minny Rice:” and if the night instead of getting better should become worse, and that in consequence he should be obliged to remain till morning, he should be caught doing *two* things which were not at all agreeable to him, namely, keeping his mother up waiting for him, and exposing the “*charakter*” of Nelly Corcoran. The question then was one fraught with interest to his physical and moral welfare. The idea of being thrown into a corpse by the sight of a spirit, or of being the cause of ill-repute to the character of a decent woman, was by no means agreeable to the feelings of Denny. He couldn’t stand it. And who should blame him?

Whether Nelly understood the full drift of the question thus put to her or not we have no means of ascertaining, inasmuch as her

reply was of that curt and double-handed nature which precludes the possibility of arriving at any definite conclusion as to its precise meaning. She simply replied "It depends." He then wheeled round to his former position, turning his back upon Nelly, and his face to the wall, and became silent and motionless as a statue. We shall leave him so for the present, and permit Nelly also to go on with her darning without further questioning.

At the time, or, at least, about that time, when Denny addressed the question to Nelly as to the time of the captain's return home, that gentleman was engaged in investigations of high import; or, at least in the unravelling of certain mysterious and ominous proceedings of vast consequence to the interests of some of his friends. The night, as we have said, had set in with very gloomy forebodings. The sky became one impending mass of black, heavy, sluggish clouds; the rain fell, and was borne along on the wings of the rising wind, that flew in wild and fitful gusts through the air, and rattled amid casements, doors, and chimney-tops, making a strange uproar. At that time, we say, a consultation was progressing in a warm and well-appointed apartment, not many miles from the Glaze-

ment ; and, strange to say, some of the topics there discussed were precisely the same as those which had occupied the attention of Denny Mullins and Nelly Corcoran. This must be regarded as a remarkable coincidence, but what made it still more worthy of notice was, that the individuals—and they were only two in number—who carried on this consultation were of an entirely different class from that to which those of the Glazement belonged. They were no less distinguished personages, indeed, than Joe Whitmore and Bartley Croker ; and the apartment which afforded them its comforts and its retirement for the purposes of their high deliberations was the library of Castle Whitmore. Here they sat, up one pair of stairs ; the window-shutters closed and bolted, and the crimson-coloured drapery throwing its heavy folds along the entire window front. A table lay between them, partially covered with books and papers, with a whip, a pair of gloves, and a few other objects of incongruous character lying and scattered among them. The fire blazed in the grate with a bright and cheering lustre, and the chandelier that lay suspended above the table flung its flickering rays along the shelves and book-frames which

covered the walls around. The table was placed longitudinally from the fire-place towards the opposite wall; and on the end next the fire were placed two decanters, and two wine-glasses, the latter sparkling with the juice of the grape. The two gentlemen sat on either side, with their feet resting on the fender, and their bodies thrown back in the luxurious recesses of soft-cushioned arm-chairs. At first, they appeared to talk indifferently upon topics which accidentally presented themselves to their observation; sipping their wine occasionally, and looking through their fingers at the gentle quivering of the blaze that played around the grate.

We have said that some of the topics which engaged their attention were identical with those which Denny Mullins and Nelly Corcoran were discussing at the cosy fireside of the Glazement. And so they were. Whitmore asked Croker, just as they had entered the library from the dining-room, where they had parted with one or two other gentlemen, who had been dining with them—he asked him what he thought of ghosts. Croker smiled a curious smile, and then twisted his mouth towards one ear. He next assumed a sort of solemn aspect, and

looked up to the ceiling, playing with, or counting his fingers, as if abstracted in deep thought. Whitmore, in the meantime, took his wine-glass, and lifted it to his lips; and having just tasted it, he laid it down again. Impatient for the reply of Croker to the very important question which he had put to him, he ventured upon an opinion himself; which was to the effect that he had some misgiving on the point; and that, in fact, he was rather inclined to think that there were ghosts. He referred to his memory for passages of Scripture which would seem to justify the belief he entertained; and after a confusion of ideas, created by his quotations from memory, he came to the sage conclusion that "there might be ghosts; and that there mightn't be ghosts, after all." Croker smacked his lips, and yawned; then he took his wine-glass and sipped it, and laid it down again. After this prelude, he twisted his right eye, that is, the eye on the side next to his companion, and fastened it on him for a moment; but it was only for a moment, for he instantaneously withdrew it; and none save the closest observer could have detected the slightest movement in it. He then, with a face that

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lengthened as he spoke, and with a voice and air that mimicked the tone and mien of extreme sanctity, observed that "it is our duty in all cases of doubt and difficulty, where spiritual things are concerned, to submit ourselves to those whom the Great Jehovah has set apart for the investigation of such matters. It was the very essence of wise and judicious conduct to adopt this rule, nay, to obey this law; just, as in temporal affairs, the Great Power, the high Moving Authority, the Omniscient Being, has, in His infinite and loving wisdom, set apart men learned in the law, that is, the temporal law, for the purpose of directing all persons in the line of duty which they should pursue, with due regard to their personal safety, and personal welfare here below. These then" (he was alluding to those learned in the law) "are the only safe guides in all our temporal difficulties; they are the only persons who know how to extricate us from danger, from difficulty, and from error; and to these, therefore, are we bound, in wisdom and in prudence, to subject ourselves. They are, as it were, the *temporarily* anointed of the Lord; just the same as clergymen are the *spiritually* anointed."

Whitmore heard this exposition of spiritual and temporal authority with absorbed attention ; but yet, at its conclusion he appeared by no means satisfied about the existence or non-existence of ghosts—that is, of ghosts visiting this earth. And so, after another sip from his wine-glass, he said that “ it appeared to him, from the explanation which his friend had made, that the lawyers were the best judges of the matter—that is, of ghosts, inasmuch as they, the lawyers, were the anointed of the Lord for earthly purposes, and it was to earthly ghosts he was alluding ; that is, to the ghosts that showed themselves on this earth.”

Croker looked through his fingers, while a dark shadow passed over his brows, and his mouth curled upwards. After a brief pause, he said, “ As to whether ghosts—disembodied ghosts—visit this earth or not, I am not in a position to assert. It is a question admitting of much debate. At a first glance I would be disposed to say not ; because the affairs of this world are unsuited—must be unsuited to the condition of the soul when divested of its earthly trammels, and transferred to a state of being of which we can have no conception, but which we must now believe to differ

essentially from that with which we are conversant here. I say this, reasoning upon the matter, and assuming for argument sake that there is such a thing as another state of existence. If there be, I repeat that it must be one so unlike to this which we enjoy here, that the concerns of the world cannot possibly affect the spirits of those who have once shuffled off the coil of flesh and blood with which they had been encumbered. But I cannot say that I believe in any such state." Here he tossed off another glass of wine, and then resumed, "I say, it is no part of my belief, of my real internal convictions, that there is such a thing as a future state. You know, my dear sir, that the necessities of society, and our own individual aspirations here, require us to assent to, nay to become supporters of this wholesome belief. Yes, I say, *wholesome*, because it keeps the ignorant and the unlettered, and the weak-minded, within convenient bounds for us to operate upon them. So it is *wholesome*. If all were capable of understanding the mystery of life; if they knew that it was a period of being which was limited to personal gratification and enjoyment in this earthly sphere, what should become of you and me? what should

become of the few who are like us—the superior portion of the great mass of humanity, who direct all things to their own individual and wise purposes? Sir, I tell you,” —and he struck the table with his clenched hand—“Sir, I tell you that the doctrine of *a hereafter* is a consummate farce. But, as I have observed, it is a useful doctrine, notwithstanding. And I have always considered it as a most important portion of the duty which I owe to myself, to encourage it by every means in my power, by externally complying with those practices its teaching involves. In point of fact, I am most punctilious in that regard; and I am therefore regarded in society as a devotee of the first water. Once declare yourself a non-believer in a future existence, and what becomes of your hopes of wealth and power? What becomes of that magnificent field which is presented to your ambition, and which consists in the credulity, the conscientiousness, the simplicity, and the unguarded openness of those who are influenced by this frippery of belief? Why, the gates of advancement towards the goal of all real blessing would be closed against you. *All real blessing*, I repeat, because there is no blessing either here

or hereafter, whatever that hereafter may mean—*no blessing* save that which is derived from wealth and power, and which consists in the gratification of the senses. Yes, the part of wisdom is to go with the teachings and practices of the Church—what is called the *Christian Church*—amongst us, to go the full length with them; for then you have free scope to advance your interests by every mode and practice that your sagacity and ingenuity can suggest. The Church will sustain you in all your acts, provided you do not openly commit yourself—that is, that you do not expose yourself to the grasp of the law of the land. What would your father have been, I ask you, if he had been swayed by the influences and compunctions of this superstitious doctrine of *a world to come*? What would *he* have been, Whitmore? And what would you be now, had *he* been a drivelling idiot of that sort. But he was a wise and a sagacious man. He saw the right thing, and he did it. He clothed himself with the piety of the time and the age; he followed in the path of Church doctrine; he submitted to its practices: but in his wisdom and his prudence he realized a fortune. How? by availing himself of the folly of those who really be-

lieved in the superstitions they practised, and by making that his own which would otherwise have passed into the hands of others. Conscience, and honesty, and charity ; truth, and justice, and honour ; heaven, and hell, and purgatory—pshaw ! There is no reality in this chaotic jumble of ideas ; it is a mere fungus overspreading the rotten structure of this belief of a future state. No, Whitmore, there is no such thing as a future existence. The first and greatest philosophers, those men of lofty and vigorous minds, who in the springtime of humanity, I may say, with the freshness and expansion of the intellect to direct and guide them, could not fail to grasp the destination of the principle of life, they derided the doctrine of a future state. Their successors, it is true, dreamt of such a state. Socrates, an old driveller, led on this later brood of dreamers ; but when the hour of dissolution arrived to him, how did he treat his own doctrine ? Did he adhere to it with the unflinching tenacity of belief ? No ; he fell back into the prevalent doctrine of his time, a doctrine which admitted of no determinate *first cause*, and consequently of no sustaining power of immortality. To be sure, there have been systems of religion at

every period of the world's existence ; but what do they avail in the way of argument to support the doctrine of a future existence? Nothing. They prove one thing, and only one thing, that is, that it is in the nature of man to *desire* a continued existence. But that is only a principle, a mere elementary sensitiveness inseparable from the human composition, which preserves it from immediate extinction, and guards it against those dangers which surround it on every side. And a very necessary element of life it is ; for without it man would not exist an hour. The desire of existence is what preserves and promotes existence. Then, from this principle religion sprang up ; and every people gave to this such shape and form as was suited to their peculiar views of the prolongation of life. Some had one system, some another. Each people established an array of gods and goddesses in accordance with their ideas of what was best calculated to lengthen out their days, and to afford them the greatest amount of enjoyment in the longest time. The lower animals are impressed with the same desire of immortality ; they have their religious systems, too, according to their respective capacities. That is, they seek to pro-

long their lives by the adoption of a system of care and protection suited to their various instincts, or *beliefs*, if I may so term them. This is as much a principle in the nature of beasts as in the nature of man. Mark the absurdity of this doctrine of a future state. If there is such a state in reality, how is it that man was not impressed with that un-failing conviction from the beginning, and with the means of arriving at it with an unerring aim? So far from this being the case, we know that men and nations in all ages of the world differed in their views on the subject, and in all their proceedings aimed only at the gratification of their senses and the indulgence of their passions. If there be what is called a self-existent Being, who created the world, and who is capable of destroying it, He could have no other design in its formation than the indulgence of a whim, to amuse Himself and to sport with His own power; otherwise He would have implanted in man, who appears to have been the highest manifestation of His creative will, an inflexible determination to accomplish the end of his being, if that end was to arrive at an endless existence hereafter. But we know that such is not the case; for all men, at all

periods of the world, have pursued different courses, according to their different interests, and all tending in different directions. There is no fixed system to justify a belief in a future existence. All is at variance; all is a chaotic mixture of antagonistic interests, limited to the pleasures and enjoyments of this world. Such are, in brief, my views of the nature of man and of his province in the Creation."

He filled himself another glass, and took it off at a breath. Whitmore listened in a sort of dreamy mood to this exposition of the nature and end of man; occasionally nodding assent to the positions laid down by his companion, and affirming them by the expressions, "I believe that," and "that is my view."

We feel that we ought not to proceed further in recording the views of this brace of godless rascals, before offering a few remarks on the nature and tendency of those views. Bartley Croker, as we have more than once intimated, was a low attorney, who by means of a species of cunning peculiar to men of his character, and of an external piety, succeeded in obtaining the agency of Lord Milford's estates in that part

of the country where he (Croker) resided. Lord Milford was, unfortunately, an absentee landlord, and hence the power assumed and exercised by the attorney-agent over the estates and tenantry was unlimited. He made and unmade leases, imposed fines, ejected tenants, received and disposed of rents just as it pleased him. He transmitted such sums of money as he thought proper to Lord Milford at two periods of the year, these being at the gale days when the rents were collected. On those occasions he also forwarded a statement purporting to be a succinct account of the state of the tenantry, their habits, their punctuality in the payment of their rents, and their indebtedness, as the case might be, or rather as he represented the case. Lord Milford received the rent and the statement at some temporary abiding-place in England, or France, or Germany, or some other country where his pleasure or his ease happened to transfer him. His lordship took the money; and the statement he invariably threw into the fire. Hence it happened that Bartley Croker became so absolute in his authority and power over the tenantry of Gurtroo, and of the other townlands embraced within his

jurisdiction, that he ruled them as serfs, and with an eye solely to his own advantage and aggrandizement. He became possessed, as tenant of course, to his principal, of several small farms on the estate, from which he had driven the tenants by means of exorbitant exactions : but his great acquisition in this way was the large property held, under a lease of lives renewable for ever, and at a nominal rent, by the late Greoge Granville of Ash Grove. His mode of accomplishing this was of the simplest kind. He studied Mr. Granville's character (this was an essential part of his system of roguery), which he found to be easy, confiding, and credulous, as well as careless, extravagant, and improvident. He then became his intimate friend and flatterer. Next, he encouraged him in every species of reckless extravagance, such as betting on races ; purchasing extraordinary horses at extraordinary prices ; giving great, frequent, and expensive entertainments ; speculating in all sorts of bubble companies ; and in short, running risks of every kind which involved a large and wasteful expenditure of money, with a remote and very doubtful expectation of a return. He furnished him with sums

of money from time to time, in furtherance of these speculations; and he never, of course, troubled him for rent; on the contrary, he begged him never to speak of it; 'twas so insignificant, so paltry, Lord Milford would not hear of it.

It is scarce necessary to say that Lord Milford was wholly unacquainted with those proceedings; and that after a certain convenient period he was carefully informed that that portion of the property held by George Granville was going to ruin, and that not only there had been no rent paid on it for years, but that it had been actually mortgaged for several thousand pounds. The consequence was that George Granville was dispossessed of the property, and Bartley Croker became its proprietor on the same terms as it had been held by Mr. Granville.

How this was effected the reader may easily imagine when he is reminded that Bartley Croker produced an account of mortgages against Mr. Granville of five times the amount of the sums he had actually lent him; and that this account was supported by the acknowledgment, in writing, of Mr. Granville himself. How this happened can be accounted for simply by the fact that

Bartley Croker made it a point to obtain Mr. Granville's signature to any paper he deemed of importance, only when they sat in jovial humour and abounding glee over their wine. Indeed, Bartley Croker manifested, from a boy, the most astonishing skill in everything that comes within the province of roguery. To this he owed his present position. He was the son of a poor cobbler; and was early trained to a life of lying and stealing among the streets and alleys of Cushport. He was first launched into a sort of fixed employment by an attorney, of no good repute, in the town, who took him to sweep his office, light his fire, and run about with messages. He acquired increased skill in roguery, as well as increased pay, and preferment, in the office, in the course of a short time; and at length he became an articled clerk to his employer, having, in the meantime, acquired a knowledge of reading and writing and figures. Thus the tide favoured him; and he rode upon its crest into the agency in which he was now flourishing.

This was the man, then, who so pompously declaimed against the existence of a future state, and the providential arrangement of the powers and destinies of mankind. To

hear him speak one would be inclined to believe that he was, at least, possessed of great learning; and that, however unblest by the light of faith, he was not unacquainted with the testimony of unbelief as handed down to us in the philosophy of the heathen and the frenzied ravings of the atheist. But no; he was as ignorant of anything like learning as it was possible for any human being to be who had never entered its precincts. His education was a blank; his reading was confined to the mere mechanical routine and technical formalities of his profession; and his thoughts were all directed into those channels of deceit and fraud and perjury which are regarded by men like him as the true destination of a great mind, and the direct pathway to wealth and honour. He was, therefore, altogether outside his province when he undertook to speak upon any subject connected with the domain of science and literature. Of these he literally knew nothing; yet of subjects embraced within their range he would talk with as much confidence and assurance as if he were really capable of understanding them, and as if they were matters as light and as easy to manage as the concoction of an attorney's

bill. But, as in everything else, he had his one motive operating even here. He wished to make something out of it. He knew that the great bulk of men were little competent to judge of a man's real knowledge or real ignorance; and that whatever he might venture to assert, he should stand very little danger of being detected as an impostor.

There is a sort of disposition on the part of mankind generally to be imposed upon. They seem to like it; and especially where religion is concerned. If we only look abroad upon the world and mark the diversity of sects and of creeds—some in direct hostility to every principle of moral virtue—we must come to the conclusion that mankind may be easily led away by the superficial plausibilities or demoniac ravings of any impostors or madmen who may set themselves to traffic upon them.

Bartley Croker, low-reared and uneducated as he was, knew by a sort of vicious intuition, as well as by experience, that all he had to do with such a man as Joe Whitmore was to repeat in plausible language the canting phrases of a sort of philosophical theology which freethinkers, and atheists, and deists, and every species of vagabond and

thief have written and spoken, in order to impress upon him not only his own importance and cleverness, but also the folly of being restrained by the teachings of a Christian church. He knew Whitmore was a silly man, as well as a rogue. He wished, therefore, to tear away from his mind and feelings any apprehension that might be lingering there as to a future state; and thus to embolden him in the perpetration of any act of villainy which he believed would be attended with advantage to himself.

Therefore it was that, on the present occasion, when he had an object in view, which will appear immediately, he flung the sacred Scriptures aside; he trampled upon history; he sneered at the Christian dispensation; and substituted his own vicious vagaries for the wisdom of ages, and the sacred inspirations of heaven. He revealed his real character too; he felt himself safe with his half-idiot companion; and gave vent to the hypocrisy which constituted the leading feature in his mental composition. He declared himself as practising all the external duties of a Christian, while he internally disbelieved the doctrines which inculcated them; and as being prepared to

commit any act in violation of those doctrines, provided that it was of advantage to him, and that he escaped detection by the law.

Joe Whitmore, we have said, listened with a sort of dreamy attention to all this denunciation of the doctrines of Christianity, manifesting occasionally his assent by brief mutterings, such as, "I believe that," "It is my opinion too." But when Croker had ceased speaking, and leant lazily back into his chair, Whitmore roused himself; and filling his glass from one of the decanters, proceeded to unfold his mind, which he seemed to do without reserve, to the view of his companion.

"I don't know exactly," he said, "what to think about a future state of existence, but, cracko! I like to enjoy myself in this world as far as I am able. I am a true blue, in that respect, Croker; and I don't envy the man who doesn't feel as I do in that way. Men may say what they like, but if the veil were drawn aside, I just imagine that it is of this world, and not of any fanciful one, they would be found thinking. Now, Croker, my dear fellow, it is not for us to be wasting words upon those things that don't concern us;

I wish to have your assistance in that affair which immediately affects myself, ay, and you too. I want to clip the wings of that aspiring bantam, that presumptuous beggar who is crossing my path. I want, too, to take down that little impertinent monkey from her stand, and teach her how to appreciate my character and feelings. Cracko! I am not to be trifled with by such contemptible butterflies. I am a man of property and position in the county, and I must not be insulted with impunity. Not that I care a rush for the little jade; but I have fixed my mind upon possessing her, and I must not be balked. And to think that such a fellow as Granville, the sneaking beggar, should presume to come between me and the object of my desire, is a thing not to be quietly endured. Then he is making his calculations on the influence of his friend Lord Fairborough."

Here Croker gave a sudden start, and, turning quickly to the table, filled a glass of wine, and drank it off. Whitmore continued, "I care not a rush for Lord Fairborough; I'm independent of him and of the whole British Government. I say, Croker, how do Lord Milford and Lord Fairborough stand?

Are they friends?" Croker evidenced some uneasiness again at this question, but he made no reply; and Whitmore continued, "Well, I say that I care not for the influence of Fairborough and Milford united, not I. But what have they to do with the prosecution of my design? I want to possess Fanny Moore—that is my object. I don't speak of love in the case. Cracko! I am no milk-sop of that sort. I have one object to achieve; no, I have two objects to achieve—I have to pull down the pretensions of that upstart coxcomb, Granville—the presumptuous scoundrel—and I have to teach that little chattering monkey, Fanny Moore, that she cannot insult me with impunity. These objects are worth attaining, and I have the power to attain them. I shall send the cur whining to his lair, and I shall have the gratification—yes, it will be a gratification in a double sense, I admit that—of compelling that little pea-hen to acknowledge me her lord and master. Cracko! what a delightful prospect. Look here, Croker! confound me!"—and he here struck the table with his great clenched fist, which caused the decanters and glasses to dance and ring—"confound me if I would not sacrifice half my property to accomplish this.

Now I am still of opinion that the plan I submitted to you the other day for this purpose is the best. There is a decision about it that pleases me, besides the *éclat* of the thing. Cracko! what will the people say? To be sure they'll say that it was a manly, courageous, noble act. But listen, Croker—" he bent over towards his companion until his lips nearly touched his ear—"listen; Miss Moore is an heiress, and old Moore is wealthy. Put that and that together, and then say if Joe Whitmore knows what he is about." He here leant back in his chair, and fell into a fit of laughter, which continued for several minutes, and during which he glanced over at Croker two or three times, as if to ascertain whether that gentleman fully appreciated the extent and depth of his genius. Then he resumed, "Yes, Croker, my boy, I am a man who keeps awake while others are asleep. You know the arrangement I proposed. Peter Mackey at the Cross will direct the movement. He is to engage Jer Grinnex, and three others from the town of Cushport, friends of Grinnex, on whom he can rely, and who are unknown in these parts. They are to effect an entrance into Moore's house a little after

midnight, say, between one and two o'clock, and to take her by force from her bed. I am to remain with my carriage and servants at the outer gate of the demesne, on the public road. She is to be gagged, so as to prevent all noise, and make the thing pass off smoothly. I then take her into the carriage with myself, and the thing is done. We drive to Cushport, arrive there before day, or at least by dawning, and going on board at once, set sail for Liverpool. The craft shall be employed for my own special service. That's the plan; it admits of no failure. I shall have Fanny marked with the Whitmore arms, eh? cracko! and I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that beau-Granville will be sucking his thumb in idiotic helplessness, while his heart will be lacerated with the tortures of defeated love. Love! The milk-sop! the goose! Ha, ha! I shall have my satisfaction then for his impertinence and silent insults, and for *her* open and public scorn." Here he ground his teeth together, and drew up and extended one side of his mouth until it nearly reached his ear. "And her brother, too—the little sparrow-hawk—his pride shall be pulled down, and his languishing lady-love—the exquisite Julia—oh,

how she will fret and pine! Ay, Croker, I shall play confusion among the whole cursed set of them, and propitiate at the same time the offended genius of my race for the insults and the outrages of years. Ho! ho! I'd crush their head beneath my heel, if only one head contained the lives of the whole of them. I'm not a man to be crossed in my purposes; I'm not a man to be treated with scorn; I'm not a man to permit myself to be trampled upon; ay, like a worm. No! no! no!"

Here he started up from his seat, and walked rapidly up and down the room, brandishing his arms in the air. Croker meantime turned around in his chair, and eyed him curiously, while his face assumed a grin which seemed to indicate the internal satisfaction which he felt at the prospect of using for certain selfish and diabolical purposes the man whom he now saw unveiled before him.

After having exhausted his temporary rage, Whitmore returned to the table, and again filled himself a glass of wine, which he swallowed at a breath; he then threw himself into his chair, closed his eyes, and drew a deep sigh. He then leant back, and fell into a state of reverie; during which his lips

kept constantly moving. Croker still kept his eye turned upon his companion; and appeared to enjoy his abstraction; if a grim smile which played around the corners of his mouth and the involuntary opening and closing of his nostrils afforded evidence of his feelings. He said, at length,—

“Now, Whitmore, my dear fellow, we must look carefully at this plan of yours. I have thought it over several times since you first mentioned it to me; and though I see a good deal in it which I can approve, yet, I would not act too hastily upon it. It requires a great deal of deliberation. I would not adopt it as a first step; I would rather reserve it for future action, in the event of other methods failing.—Now I have a plan which, I think, ought to be tried in the first instance; and it recommends itself to my mind on two grounds; first, it is more safe; and second, if successful, it will be more effective, more radical. Now, let me unfold it to you.”

Whitmore opened his eyes, and sat upright in his chair. Then looking, with a fiery glare, at his companion, he said,—

“Out with it, then—let me hear it at once. Come, what is it?”

“My dear fellow,” resumed Croker, “you must be patient, and attend calmly to what I say. Great events can be brought about only by coolness and diplomacy. Passion won’t do. Reason, unclouded judgment, calm reflection, and deliberate action—these are the requirements, in all cases where difficulty and danger are involved. Now, hear me calmly and dispassionately. This Whitefeet organization, you are aware, is spreading pretty generally through the country—at least through this part of the country; and some mischief has already sprung from it. The public mind is a good deal disturbed by its acts and proceedings. Several attacks have already been made upon private residences; and fire-arms have been forcibly taken from them. Some persons, too, in resisting this violence, have been wounded, and nearly deprived of life. Very well; you say—that this jackanapes, Granville, is in your way; and so he is. I look upon him as a dangerous character, not only as regards you, but as regards the peace of society. He is a cool, plotting, unprincipled scoundrel. He would sacrifice you, and me, and everybody, in furtherance of his own schemes of ambition. He wants this Fanny Moore’s fortune; he

wants a position in society, in order to trample upon his betters ;—and if he had secured his ends to-morrow, how should you and I be treated by him ? We know that ; it is not necessary to dwell upon it. I have no doubt myself that he is engaged in this unlawful organization, though he pretends otherwise ; of course he does ; such villains are always double-faced. He wishes to secure the confidence or friendship of Lord Fairborough, for the purposes of ambition ; and, hence he assumes an appearance of attachment to the British Constitution, and of allegiance to the Sovereign of these realms. That's all pretence. He cares nothing for either constitution or sovereign, but as they are calculated to promote his selfish designs. I have reason to believe that he is this moment endeavouring to influence Lord Fairborough to interfere, with regard to the arrangements of some properties in the county ; and that his lordship has actually written to Lord Milford in connexion with this matter. What do you think of that ? Is property, is the right of property to be canvassed and disturbed at the instance of a beggarly scoundrel like this fellow, Granville ? If such things are permitted, what security have you—what

security have I—what security has any man, that his property will not be tampered with by every low ruffian who may fancy he has some claim to it? These wicked designs must be nipped in the bud. Now, sir, how is this base intriguer, this beggarly pretender to the hand of a woman who should—and who would, were it not for this vile intriguer—feel honoured by your devotion to her—how is he to be met, and counteracted? First, it is not necessary for me to say that no measures should be kept with such men; they should be regarded as a curse, as a plague-spot, to be swept away as soon as possible. And again, the most effective course should be taken to accomplish that end. What I would suggest is this;—and I have thought the matter over, as I have said, many times, with the view of arriving at some definite plan to effect the object in view—now, you can get Peter Mackey to act in this matter in whatever way you may think proper. He is intimate with some of the principal members of the Whitefeet organization;—I believe you told me that he was one; or, at any rate, pretended to be one of the organization himself. Let him get this fellow, Jer Grinnex, and his comrades from

Cushport, to arrange an attack on Granville's house, for the purpose of obtaining fire-arms. Do you understand? In that attack, shots will be exchanged, no doubt; for that base cub, Granville, will resist, if only to give himself *éclat* in the county. Very well, you understand the rest;—a stray shot from Grinnex, or one of the others, may cool the ardour of his love for Fanny, eh? and put a gentle climax to his ambitious aspirations. What do you say?"

He rubbed his hands together, with great apparent glee; and then, turning round, slapped the table with his hands, exclaiming, at the same time, "Genius is the highest prerogative of man—what do you say, Whitmore, my blade?" Then he leant back in his chair, and laughed immoderately.

Whitmore seemed lost in meditation. After a little time, however, he said, with a gravity of expression which sat clumsily upon his features,—

"I never thought of that, Croker. But, do you think it is better than *my* plan? You see, my plan, if well carried out, would torture the fellow's soul. He would be alive, to envy me; and to feel all the pangs of jealousy and madness; and that would be a great luxury

to me. But, according to your plan, it would scarcely be a triumph at all. However, I must take a little time to reflect upon it."

CHAPTER XX.

THE CAPTAIN HAS HIS EYE TO WINDWARD—THE
PLOT DISCOVERED.

AFTER Joe Whitmore had delivered himself of the grave reflection contained in the concluding part of the last chapter, he and his companion separated for the night; but before separating they agreed to meet again in the course of a few days for the purpose of determining upon the line of conduct that might be considered best under all the circumstances. By that time Whitmore would be able to make up his mind as to whether or not he should adopt Croker's plan, or adhere to his own, or combine the two, or devise some other that might appear best calculated to carry out the end in view.

The reader will have borne in mind that Denny Mullins, the piper, felt a good deal of anxiety for the return home of the captain

on the night in question. This anxiety was manifested after Nelly Corcoran had related the story of the pedlar's ghost appearing in the form of a goat. Denny then sat closely ensconced in the chimney-corner of the Glazement, whilst the wind and rain were careering amid the gloom outside. Nelly was unable to give a satisfactory reply to Denny's question as to the time when the captain might return; in point of fact she was herself as ignorant upon that subject as Denny himself; for it was rarely the captain deemed it necessary to inform her of his business, unless it was of such a nature as rendered it desirable that she should be made acquainted with it. But such was not the case on the present occasion. The captain had gone out early in the day, and had said nothing as to the business he was intent upon, or the hour at which his return might be expected. Indeed he knew nothing of this himself. He had no particular design in his setting out, and he had no particular concern as to the hour when he might come back. It was his wont to stroll down to the village every day, at least every day that did not require his presence at home about the management of his garden, or of his house, or of anything else

connected with his domestic arrangements. He did this, that is, he strolled down to the village every day, for the purpose of seeing and hearing what was going on there, and of lending a hand in any work or business that was going forward among his friends, and that required his aid, particularly at Ash Grove and at Brookfield Hall. He was, moreover, interested, as the reader must be aware, in the proceedings of the Whitefeet; and he wished to make himself acquainted with every new revelation connected with them, in order to prevent, as far as he was able, any mischief that might arise from them, especially to his friends. On the present occasion, then, he walked out early in the day, and directed his steps, as usual, towards the village. He visited Brookfield Hall, where he remained for an hour or so, and cracked a few jokes with the old steward, complimented Miss Fanny on her good looks, as he had chanced to meet her just as she crossed the avenue, and had a word or two about the weather with the master of the mansion, old Mr. Moore, as he was crossing the courtyard on his way out. He then crossed over the fields, and out on the mountain road, and down towards the Cross. He

went into Moll Dreelin's on his way, and had a long talk with her, he sitting on a stool near the fire, and she on a box in the corner mending her gown. She told him the news, said that her husband was working at Peter Mackey's, and that Anty was up at the big house, that is, Ash Grove House, helping about the kitchen. But the most important piece of information, that is to him, which she gave him, was, that Bartley Croker passed in his gig through the village a little bit ago on his way to Castle Whitmore. There was no one with him but a servant, and when he had come to the Cross he alighted and went into Peter Mackey's. He hadn't stayed there long when he came out again accompanied by Peter, who walked down a bit of the road with him.

The captain listened to all this with a good deal of interest, for he knew that Bartley Croker's movements about that part of the country did not forebode much good to some persons at least.

After resting himself for a considerable time, and after learning all the news that was of any importance, the captain rose, and, wishing Moll a good evening, took his way towards the Cross. He met one or two

persons whom he knew—and whom did he not know about Ballydine and its neighbourhood?—and he stopped to talk with them about the season, and the threatening aspect of the afternoon, and other matters of equal interest to country people. They were coming up from the direction of Castle Whitmore, and they told him that as they were passing the gate leading up to the castle who should they see but Bartley the Devil driving up the avenue. This was news to the captain, and so he put it up in a corner of his mind, to have it to hand when it should be required. He then wished his friends a good evening, and proceeded towards the Cross.

Having reached it he paused for a moment, and then muttering to himself, “Yes, that’ll do; I want to buy snuff,” he turned into Peter Mackey’s shop. The captain was not to say a snuff-taker, but yet he carried his box, and occasionally offered a pinch to a friend. It was to him a sort of companion, as well as a pledge of friendship; it was even more than that, it was a sort of *familiar* or attendant spirit, for he conversed with it, and imbibed inspiration from it when sitting alone in the Glazement, or rambling among the glens and hills in silent meditation on

things present, past, and future. He, therefore, kept his box always by him, and had it ready for every emergency. So he went into Peter Mackey's shop to recruit it, not that it was empty—indeed it was nearly half-full—but he wished to go in, and he wished to have an excuse for going in.

While the little boy behind the counter was measuring the quantity of snuff required, Peter Mackey, who had heard the voice of the captain, stepped out from the room behind the shop, and accosted him with his usual show of friendship. Having passed a few ordinary remarks on the weather, and the appearance of the clouds, he asked the captain to step in with him and rest himself awhile. So they went into the room together, and sat down by the fire, and joked, and laughed for some time.

At length Peter made allusion to the disturbances that were taking place in some parts of the country through the activity and zeal of the Whitefeet. He approved of them, and he didn't approve of them, and he wished to have the captain's opinion upon the subject. Not but that he already knew what the captain generally thought of the new organization and its aims, but

yet he wished to talk about it, and to *sound* him.

The captain just glanced along the surface of the subject, for he, too, wished to *sound* Peter.

“I have no great belief in them,” observed the captain. “I am afraid that their ballast is not well stowed; and, besides, the rigging is not of the best, I think; and as to the crew, I fear they are not exactly first-class at steering, or reefing, or any other necessary work required on board.”

This was not *very* condemnatory of the movement, and so it afforded an opening to Peter to try his hand on the captain.

“By jing,” he observed, “I’m half of your opinion. The boys are not, as you might say, perfect knowledgeable in the business; but still and all something ought to be done to sarve the poor counthry. I don’t believe myself that anything worth spakin’ of can be done ’till the gentry join in it. I wish they were all like Masther Herbert Granville; then we’d soon have our rights, and we’d have no slavery or the like. He is a noble gintleman, only for he’s so poor, and more is the pity. I wondher does he go out wid the boys any night; if he did he’d show

'em how to act, for, you see, he has the learnin', besides the spirit of the ould stock. There's nothin' like it, by jingo. But tell me, captain, is there anything for certain about himself and Miss Moore goin' to be married?"

He asked the question in a low, confidential tone of voice, bending over towards his companion at the same time.

The captain pleaded ignorance on the subject, but, nevertheless, replied with a tone and manner that were intended to convince Peter that the captain had so much confidence in him that he would readily communicate to him everything he knew, either as regarded the matter inquired into, or any other matter whatsoever.

Peter felt all this, but yet he was wary, and advanced in his inquiries and communications with slow steps.

"Well," he said, "I'd like to see the same couple married, for, by jing, they look like two that were made for one another. Miss Fanny Moore is a noble cratur, not more so in the barony; and as for Masther Herbert, show me his equal in all Ireland, in mind and body. That's what I always say. Mr. Whitmore, they say, is afther her too; but

what chance could sich a *gommeril* (half-foolish fellow) have near Masther Herbert? not a bit, no more than myself. I wondher will they be married before he goes to see the uncle, the ould cornel, in Canada; or will they put it off till he come back. Likely they'll put it off. But, maybe, he wouldn't go at all. Some say Lord Fairborough is workin' hard to get back the property again for him—the property that Bartley Croker took from ould Mr. Granville. I wondher is it thrue? By jingo, 'twould be a good deed if Bartley lost it, afther all. They say there was foul play in it; but myself don't know much about it. The ould man, that's Mr. Granville that was, was careless about signin', they say; and so he gave papers for more than he owed. And now they say Lord Fairborough is bringin' it to light. And there's a great deal more said about Bartley keepin' the rents that the ould gintleman paid him, and tellin' Lord Milford that he never received 'em at all. Myself don't know how it is, by jing. But I'm tellin' you all I know about it; since I'd keep nothin' from you, knowin' you to be a sinsible, knowledgeable man, that 'ud keep to yourself whatever I'd tell you. And I'm the same way

wid you. If you tould me about the killin' of a man, by jing, no man or mortal 'ud ever know it from me. That's the sort I am, captain."

The captain saw that he was not likely to obtain from Peter any information that he had not already been possessed of. However, he resolved upon a hit; and having cursorily replied to the several questions and insinuations so dexterously thrown out by Peter, he observed,—

"Mr. Croker is a clever man, and knows how to handle the tiller with any boy in the ship. It will go hard with him if Lord Fairborough or any one else go to win'ard of him. He is a 'cute man, Mr. Mackey. And Mr. Whitmore, too, knows the stem from the stern of a ship. They're very smart, handy men; and it wouldn't be easy for you or me to find out their bearings. If any man could do it you are that man, Mr. Mackey. Although, Bartley Croker 'ud try to twist you and me, and every one else round about to every point of the compass to serve his own turn, I am thinkin' that he'd find out soon that *you*, at any rate, aren't a man to be put into a strait waistcoat. He makes his boast, so I am tould, that he could make use of

any man he ever cocked an eye on ; and that he could handle you like a top at any hour he liked. But I always said, 'twas never born with him to handle Peter Mackey that way. Well, some people 'ud put their finger in my eye for sayin' so ; but I stand to it, for all that. And, moreover, I heard people sayin' that Mr. Whitmore made his boast that he was able to knock his dealin' thrick out o' you any day ; but I stood up against that, and tould 'em to their teeth that Whitmore was never able to handle a rope-yarn with Peter Mackey of the Cross of Ballydine. I hear a great deal, Mr. Mackey, among the people, but I always stand up for you, so I do ; and why not ? Aren't you one of the old stock o' the place, and thrue to the people, like all your family before you. Not all the same as some that come among us, and who have nothing sound in 'em. I wondher how does Bartley and Whitmore stand now ? ”

The captain flung out his line at last. The reader will notice that he was only removing obstructions from his path in all that he had said up to the last sentence ; but the moment he said, “ I wondher how does Bartley and Whitmore stand now ; ” he hurled his eye at Peter, and pierced him to the very soul.

Peter, however, bore the question and the scrutiny well. He was taken a little by surprise, it is true; the question came suddenly upon him, while he was intent on pursuing the winding thread of the captain's observations, not exactly knowing what they were leading to; so he received a slight shock, but rallied immediately.

There is no doubt that the captain's movement was exceedingly dexterous; he made his approaches under cover, and without any noise; and had he been dealing with an ordinary man, even with a rogue of ordinary calibre, he could not have failed in flooring him. But Peter Mackey was no ordinary man, he believed himself fully able to cope with any knave on Irish ground; and to do him justice, he came up to the mark, or nearly so, of his own estimate of himself. We say, although he was a good deal staggered when the blow was dealt him, of "I wondher how does Bartley and Whitmore stand now?" yet the readiness and adroitness with which he recovered his level again were worthy of all praise, at least in the eyes of men of his craft. He looked the captain straight in the face, returning glance for glance; then his eye quivered a little, and he dropped it just on

the toe of one of his feet. But it was no sooner down than up again, and stuck upon the captain, who watched its movements carefully, speculating on the final result.

The difficulty with Peter lay in this: he was acquainted with the black designs of Bartley and Whitmore, nay more, he was a party to them; he naturally wished to have them kept as secret as possible, and any attempt on the part of anybody to trace them out he felt it his duty and his interest to foil at once. Besides this he knew that the captain was aware of the intimacy subsisting between himself and the persons alluded to. Here, then, we may see that when the captain threw in the question sidelong, "I wondher how does Bartley and Whitmore stand now?" he (Mackey) found himself at once hurled upon a dilemma, and struggling between its horns. He couldn't deny his intimacy with Bartley and Whitmore; and if he were led away by the insinuations of flattery, or by any weakness whatever, to let in any light upon their hellish schemes, he would be at once captured in his own snares, and committed to the mercy of the captain. How then to escape from his difficulty was the cause of the unsettled condition of his eye. We say it,

the eye first rushed into the captain's face, and after settling there for an instant, bounded to the ground, and perched on the toe of his (Mackey's) shoe; but this position it abandoned after a second, and darted upwards again, and fixed itself upon Mackey's nose. Then it hopped to his right shoulder, and then to his left, and at length it lodged in vacancy, when he thus began:—

“By Jing, captain, the way it is—and I'm sure I wouldn't mention it to any one but yourself, since, between you and me, 'tis enough for every man to mind his own little business, bekase why? You see the times are not very good, as you might say, though nothin' to complain of. And for the matther o' that, a man has no business to mix or meddle in what doesn't belong to him. The way 'tis, the gentry and the people dale in my little shop, and I thry to pass every one in civilty; and shure 'tis our duty to pass one another, as you may say, civil and Christian-like, glory be to God! But about the gintry, 'tisn't our business to mind 'em or meddle wid 'em when they're cross or contrairy to one another; or when their blood is up, and nothin' but djuels 'll satisfy 'em. By jingo, I don't know how 'tis between Mr. Croker and

Mr. Whitmore; 't isn't to me or the like of me they'd tell about their djuels. Isu't it a wondher they'd be fightin' with those pistols, and not have a blow of a fist at one another like common min? And so you heard that there's a djuel to pass 'etween 'em?"

The reader will perceive at once the skill and judgment manifested in this reply of Peter's. He advances carelessly and loosely, as if he had seen no point at all in the captain's question; but when he comes to a certain stage in his remarks he discharges his piece with force and precision, "And so you heard there's a djuel to pass 'etween 'em?"

The captain felt the full effects of the blow, and the more so that it came unexpectedly upon him. He could never have anticipated such a reply. In point of fact, it was no answer to his question, but yet it was an inquiry which evolved itself from that question, leaving the captain not only in the position which he had occupied before putting the interrogatory as regarded information, but also in the further predicament of being put upon the defensive.

When the captain put in the blow, "I wondher how does Bartley and Whitmore stand now?" he could never have expected

that the reply to his blow would be, "And so you heeard there's a djuel to pass 'etween 'em?" The captain, as we have said, was taken aback; or, as he himself said when talking of it, "he was brought up all standin'." He looked at Peter as a mere object of curiosity, and without any intention of replying to him. He saw his eye resting in apparent quiet beneath his shaggy brow, which all but covered it, leaving only a small streak of light glimmering in the very centre. His great red nose was expanding and contracting like the nostrils of an over-heated beast. His mouth was drawn aside towards his left ear, with a hideous gape, as if his soul was struggling to escape from that orifice; and his two hands pressed convulsively down upon the bench whereon he sat, one on either side, as though he were relieving his buttocks from the piercing of nails or of some sharp instrument that was stuck in them. The captain couldn't help smiling, but he made no reply. After a little time occupied in eyeing each other, the captain rose, and said that he must be moving. Peter immediately relaxing from his state of torture, rose up too, and asked the captain if he would take a drink. The captain declined, but Peter con-

tinued to press him, recommending his "lovely *ale*," his "foamin' *pale butt*," and his "splendaceous *double X*," to his notice. The captain still declined, and passed on to the shop-door, where he stood and looked out. Peter stood by his side commenting upon the weather, which promised to be stormy.

"'Twill be a rough evening," observed the captain.

"'Twill be bad for travellin', I'm thinkin'," said Peter.

"'Faith, I'm afraid you'll have to give shelter to Bartley to-night on his way back," rejoined the captain.

Peter started as if he were struck, and then replied in the flurry of the moment, "Oh, yes—why—no—who tould you?"

The captain laughed outright at the unguarded response of Peter, and felt secretly at a loss to understand how he could possibly have shown himself so much off his guard, especially when he had but just a moment before manifested such impenetrable security. He wished Peter "good-bye," and passed out. He turned, not in the direction of Castle Whitmore, but off to the right at a considerable angle from that line. He did this purposely to elude the vigilance of Peter,

intending, after he had proceeded some distance, to cross over the fields and strike out on the Castle Whitmore road, that is, the public road leading to the town of Corrigcastle, and by the demesne of Castle Whitmore. As he tripped along he fell into a train of meditation on the conversation and scenes of the last hour. He passed before him in mental review the appearance, language, and physical contortions of Peter Mackey. He rested particularly on his hideous and beastly aspect when he replied to his question, "I wondher how does Bartley and Whitmore stand now?" by the corresponding question, "And so you heeard there's a djuel to pass 'etween 'em?" But when he came to review him at the door, at the time he committed himself by acknowledging his acquaintance with Bartley's movements and intentions on that day, he became quite puzzled; he felt wholly incapable of accounting for it. And that was a wonder, for the captain, though no physiologist or metaphysician, was, nevertheless, a shrewd and keen observer of men as well as of passing events. The fact, however, was, that Peter having undergone such a struggle in the room in the endeavour to escape from the trying question put to him

by the captain, became somewhat exhausted; the tension of his mind was so great in shaping the necessary answer, that after the extraordinary exertion had passed away, the mental powers became relaxed; and hence when they were tried again, they were found unequal to a reiterated effort. So that when the captain said, without one note of warning, "Faith, I'm afraid you'll have to give shelter to Bartley to-night on his way back," Peter broke down suddenly, and exhibited his weakness by the miserable drivel, "Oh, yes—why—no—who tould you?"

The captain proceeded on his way, thus entertaining himself with philosophical reflections on the character of the publican, until he had reached a turn in the road, at the distance of about a mile from the Cross. At this point he turned into the fields, and inclined towards the Corrigcastle road. In the space of half an hour he emerged upon this road, and after advancing upon it for a quarter of an hour he came to the gate opening upon the demesne of Castle Whitmore. He passed in through the gate, and winding to the right by the wall of the demesne, and under cover of the elms that lined it, he reached a covert of underwood by the side of a large pond,

and into this he entered. He seated himself in the fork of a sycamore-tree, and began to arrange his thoughts. When he had left the Glazement in the early part of the day, he had no particular aim beyond that of learning any news that might be going the rounds of the village; but when he had been informed by Moll Dreelin that Bartley the Devil had passed by the Cross, and that he had been in conversation with Peter Mackey, the publican, his mind began to work, and he felt that there was some occupation before him. He then saw and conversed with Peter, and he no longer hesitated as to the course he was bound to adopt under the circumstances. The leading idea in his mind was that he should proceed without loss of time to Castle Whitmore, or, at all events, to that neighbourhood; and there endeavour to obtain all the information he could with respect to the movements of Bartley. Why he became thus interested in this gentleman's actions the reader must be already aware, from the fact of the disreputable character which Bartley had established for himself in the country round, and especially from the circumstance of his being so mixed up with the calamities which had befallen the Granville family. He was,

therefore, looked upon by the people generally as a bird of ill-omen, and every eye was turned upon him whenever he appeared on the wing. The captain sat on the fork of the sycamore-tree in order to arrange his thoughts. The housekeeper at Castle Whitmore was an old friend of his. Indeed, if the truth must be told—and it is right that in this instance it should be told—passages of love had passed between them in their younger days; or, as Nelly Bryan herself—that was her name—used to say, “many a bar of coortin’ they had in their time.” He had no doubt upon his mind that she would do him a service if it lay in her way, for she never forgot old times, “and happy times they were,” she often said. He concluded, therefore, to walk up to the Castle, and to make his mind known to Nelly Bryan “in regard to what was troublin’ it now.”

So he left the sycamore-tree, and by a circuitous movement approachedt he back premises of the Castle, and made his way to the servants’ quarters. Nelly Bryan was delighted to see him, as she “ever and always was, and would be.” He “should come now,” she said, “and sit in her own room, and make himself at home; and

she'd get a nice glass of somethin' to warm him."

We have said that Joe Whitmore and his friend Bartley Croker sat in the library of Castle Whitmore while discussing the question as to which would be the best plan of obtaining the "hand and heart," if we must so express it, of Fanny Moore for Mr. Whitmore, and at the same time of torturing the bosom of Herbert Granville. This room was situated in the front of the Castle, that is, on that side of it which looked out upon the avenue leading to the main entrance, and was up one pair of stairs. Behind this was another smaller room, which was entered by a door on the right of the landing at the entrance of the library. This was the house-keeper's room, where she used to make her friends snug, when any of them visited her, and that was pretty often, especially of a Sunday. It was plainly but comfortably furnished; and for its better accommodation, it was furnished with a buffet, or closet, which contained, besides the "tay-things," a bottle or two of "choicest spirits," and a "nice decanter of port wine for the ladies." This closet stood in the partition wall between the room and the library; in fact, it had been

once a door, communicating between the two rooms, but it was afterwards closed up and converted into a closet, as we have seen. The back of this closet consisted of a single board only, which was painted dark blue on the side of the library, but was covered with old newspapers on the other side. It may be easily conceived that a person standing inside this closet might easily overhear any conversation that was carried on in the library.

When the captain had arrived at the Castle, the dinner was over, and the gentlemen had retired to the library, that is, the two gentlemen with whom we are concerned; the other gentleman or two having gone home. The housekeeper was therefore at leisure to enjoy herself, and to make much of her friend; and so, after a short chat in the servants' hall, she and the captain retired to her own room to spend an hour there in "peace and quiet." The captain, of course, unburdened himself to his friend shortly after he had taken his seat in the snug armchair beside the cosy fire. He told her all he wanted to tell her as to his apprehensions regarding Bartley. She was already aware of much, indeed almost of everything con-

nected with his character and proceedings; and she was also aware of her own master's *penchant* for Miss Moore. So the captain hadn't much trouble in putting her in possession of everything that was then occupying his mind with respect to these matters. She made him "a nice little warm drop, to comfort him after his walk;" and she filled herself a *small glass* of the port wine, with a *little deechy drop* of hot water in it, and a bit of loaf sugar. They talked on about old times, and how those were better than the present times—"indeed, 'tisn't the one day they ought to be compared." And then the captain threw in a sly hint of former feeling, and said how the "heart that was once touched, never forgets answering to its helm," and so on, until Nelly Bryan—her face was naturally red and her eyes soft—glowed very much about the cheeks and neck, and melted charmingly about the eyes. She now began to fear that they might be heard talking, though it was difficult to perceive whence the apprehension could arise, as the room door, as well as the door of the closet, was closed, and there was no other aperture through which sounds could escape, even if there were any persons outside try-

ing to catch them, as there were not. At all events, she said, "maybe, we might be heard;" and, as she said it, she drew over closer to the captain, and putting her face nearer to his, began to talk in a soft, low voice. The captain, following suit, dropped his voice too, and spoke soft and low. And the housekeeper put her hand on the captain's knee—she should do this in order to ease her bent posture—and the captain put his hand upon her hand, and began to count her fingers.

At length she stood up, and opened the closet door, and listened. She became apparently interested, for she continued to listen for at least ten minutes before she stirred from her position, her ear being all the time inserted between two plates which stood upright against the back of the closet. At the end of ten minutes she returned to the captain, and whispered something into his ear, as though she feared that the air would hear what she had to say. The captain then stood up, and went into the closet, and put his ear to the back of it, and he soon became very interested, too. He just caught Bartley's speech as he was developing his plan for achieving success in the case of Whitmore

and Miss Moore, by the destruction of his (Whitmore's) rival, Herbert Granville. The captain listened with breathless attention until Bartley concluded his speech with that remarkable peroration—which he rounded off with a rap of his clenched hand on the table—"Genius is the highest prerogative of man! what do you say, Whitmore, my blade?" The captain then withdrew his ear from the wall, in order to straighten himself and breathe a little freely. But he was too anxious to catch every syllable that might be dropped inside in the library, to keep his ear long from the wall. So he applied it again, and kept it there, notwithstanding the housekeeper's earnest entreaties to "come and sit by the fire, and not be perishing himself there." But he heard nothing further of any importance.

Soon after Bartley Croker left, and the captain had no further business in the closet. He therefore resumed his seat at the fire, and after about half an hour's friendly and confidential conversation with the housekeeper, he took his leave of her; but in doing so his head happened to come in contact with hers, and he couldn't help just touching her lips with his, for the sake of old times.

CHAPTER XXI.

HERBERT GRANVILLE PREPARES TO JOIN HIS
UNCLE IN CANADA—VARIOUS COUNCILS HELD,
AND VARIOUS OPINIONS OFFERED IN CON-
SEQUENCE.

It was now some time since the Ash Grove family had received a letter, or any intelligence from Colonel Brown; and they began to grow uneasy on that account. Uncle Ben could not make out the cause that influenced his brother Felix in maintaining so long a silence, and felt greatly puzzled about it. Mrs. Granville thought that perhaps he was sick; and people who are afflicted in that way do not generally care to trouble themselves about writing; though still she knew that it would not be the case with herself, for she always liked to acquaint the various members of her family with any illness, or other calamity that might befall herself or

any one of her household. Miss Julia Granville supposed that her uncle Felix was getting careless in consequence of his old age; for she thought that old people found it difficult and troublesome to be writing letters. But then, on the other hand, he might employ an amanuensis, unless he was unwilling to commit private family affairs to the secrecy of a stranger. Herbert, however, feared that his uncle was huffed in consequence of his own procrastination; for he had more than once told him in his letters that he would join him shortly. He failed to fulfil his promise, however, in consequence of the appointment of which Lord Fairborough had spoken to him, but which had not yet turned up. His lordship might have got him one in Australia, or India, but then he preferred it in Canada, chiefly on account of his uncle residing there; but also on account of the superior advantages of that country, arising from climate, soil, geographical position, and the character of its inhabitants. His uncle was not aware of this cause of delay, though he (Herbert) had mentioned, in one of his recent letters to him, the kindness and generosity with which Lord Fairborough was endeavouring to promote his

views, by obtaining for him an appointment in Canada. He therefore felt very uneasy about his uncle's silence; and determined to set out, without further delay, and join him. Uncle Ben shrugged his shoulders; and did not at all seem satisfied with his nephew's decision. Mrs. Granville and Julia were equally dissatisfied. But yet they were all unwilling to throw any obstacle in the way of Herbert's prospects. They were unanimous on one point, namely, that he should call upon Lord Fairborough, and acquaint him with the state of things, and with the resolution he had formed; and that he should also see the Rev. Dr. Markham and Sir Michael Carey, his particular friends, on the same subject. Herbert concurred in the propriety of this proceeding, and also of modifying his own opinions in accordance with their views. He accordingly called first upon lord Fairborough, who became very grave and thoughtful as soon as he was informed of the decision of his young friend. His lordship spoke a good deal upon the subject, viewing it from all points; but at length concluded by saying that it could not, at all events, do any harm that Herbert should visit his uncle; that he himself would not, in

the meantime, relax his efforts to serve him in the way he thought best; and that if anything should turn up in accordance with his views, he would communicate it to him in Canada. This was satisfactory, inasmuch as it enabled Herbert to act upon his own decision without incurring the risk of losing any advantages which Lord Fairborough's interest might procure for him.

He then called upon the Rev. Dr. Markham. The doctor expressed his great regret at his young friend's decision, and said that he ought to pause before carrying it into effect. He did not like to see any of his parishioners going away, particularly persons of education and character, like Herbert. Such persons should remain in their own country to strengthen and adorn it. He understood very well, that for a certain class of persons emigration was desirable, for agricultural labourers, for instance, or for mechanics, or for small farmers with a little capital; but as to gentlemen of a liberal education, and of character and family, he could not see the advisability of their emigrating. They were not fit for the colonies; and the colonies were not fit for them. It might possibly happen, in some cases, that such persons

would succeed; but those cases must be necessarily rare. The colonies required physical labour, and little else. Education, talent, character, family, all were thrown away in the colonies. At least, this was his view of the matter; and, therefore, he could not advise his young friend to emigrate. But then he might go and see his uncle, and return again; that was another thing. He shouldn't dissuade him from that. What he was opposed to was his settling down in a colony, and expending himself in it. That would be preposterous.

Herbert was rather pleased with the doctor's views, for they accorded with his own feelings; and they also squared in a great measure with the ideas expressed by Lord Fairborough. His decision, therefore, was not shaken. He next paid his visit to Sir Michael Carey; and laid his plans open to that gentleman. Sir Michael knew a good deal about the colonies, and had always taken an interest in their advancement. He was particularly taken with the promising aspect of Canada. He called it a noble country; and prophesied that it would yet hold a position not inferior to any country in the world. Its lands were capable of

maintaining as large a population as the whole of Europe; and its climate was unexceptionable. It would be, in the course of time, the grand receptacle of the overflowing population of these British isles; and of a great portion of that of the other countries of Europe. Its situation, its extent, its fertility, ay, and its climate, were all favourable to this view. He encouraged his young friend to go there; and said that if he were a young man himself, he would prefer it as a place of residence to any country he knew of. At the same time he could not conceal from himself the regret he should feel at the absence of his friend; but yet this regret would be modified by the reflection that he (Herbert) would be placed in a position which could not fail to advance his interests and secure his happiness.

This representation of Canada and of its future prospects gave a spring to Herbert's spirits, which caused him to cling more ardently than ever to the decision which he had taken. The family at Ash Grove discussed the various opinions which had thus been offered, each regarding them in the light which accorded best with his or her private views and feelings. Uncle Ben was rather

inclined to the opinion of Lord Fairborough, because, while it favoured a visit, on the part of Herbert, to brother Felix, it did not imply a perpetual residence in Canada. The fact was, as regarded Uncle Ben, he would wish that both brother Felix and Herbert were settled in Ireland, and just in that portion of Ireland where he could visit them every day, and talk to them about hounds, and horses, and coveys of partridge. His opinion was entirely shaped in accordance with that one idea. Prosperity in Canada was a matter of no importance to him; they might be as rich as Cræsus there, or as exalted as the sovereign of Britain, for what he thought or cared; but their presence in his own house, or, at all events, in his own neighbourhood, was the great thing with him. Indeed, he never approved of the step taken by brother Felix in going to live in Canada; he couldn't see what he did it for, or what was to come out of it. No man in his senses would do it, he thought. And the sooner he left it, and came to live among his own, where everything was Christian-like and natural, the sooner he would show himself a man of common sense and of proper spirit.

Such was the channel in which ran the

thoughts of Uncle Ben. Mrs. Granville nearly agreed with him, but not entirely. She saw nothing unwise or unworthy in Felix's going to Canada, because he went there for the purpose of taking possession of a large tract of land offered to him by the Government; but she thought that he should have sold that, and then returned home. This was her view of the matter; and she always told her brother so in all her letters to him. What did he want to remain there for, she should like to know. He was unmarried, and had no one to look after him either in health or in sickness. He must be very wretched, she thought; and this idea was ever present to her mind, and gave her a great deal of uneasiness. Julia thought, with the Rev. Dr. Markham, that a colony was not a nice place for a gentleman to live in. She should like dearly, though, to visit her Uncle Felix, with Herbert; and then to return after a few months. This would be pleasant, she thought, unless the travelling by water should make it disagreeable. She did not think that she should like to be in a ship; she never was in one; and the appearance of it, rocking upon the water, always made her feel uncomfortable

when she thought of Herbert being in it. She was very confident, though, that Lord Fairborough would not encourage Herbert to do anything that was not right; and this thought reconciled her in a great degree to the idea of her brother going away for a short time. She held Sir Michael Carey in high estimation; and his opinion had great weight with her; but this was owing to his great knowledge of the colonies, as well as to his character for good sense and a kindly disposition, for which he was so much esteemed by all who knew him. Still, notwithstanding all this, she rather feared that he was an enthusiast on the colonies; and that he might, in the present instance, be mistaken. Altogether she could not reconcile herself to the idea of her brother going away, unless on one condition, which was that she should herself accompany him. So that, looking at the state of things from every point of view, it was evident to any impartial observer, that the family at Ash Grove was not of one accord as to the advisability of Herbert's emigration. All that could be fairly assumed was, that a short visit to Uncle Felix would meet with no serious objection from any of the family.

However, it soon went abroad in the village and neighbourhood that Mr. Herbert Granville was about to set out for Canada to visit his uncle. Some said that he intended to settle there for ever, as his uncle, the colonel, had settled all his property upon him on that sole condition; and that he was taking Miss Moore with him. With regard to Miss Moore herself there was a considerable divergency of opinion; for some said that she was to be married to him before they left; some others, that she was not to be married until they arrived in Canada, and obtained the colonel's consent; and there was a third party, and it was a strong and confident party too, who maintained that they were already married, and that the colonel was aware of it, and even pleased with it. These were the chief representatives of opinion upon that particular point; but there were thin streaks of opinion, or rather of conjecture, which is about the same thing, running between those various opinions, like small stripes between wide bars, on a piece of printed cotton. One of these was that he wouldn't marry her at all, because she was not of sufficiently high blood for him. Another was, that she wouldn't marry him,

because she was in love with Joe Whitmore. And another, that Herbert looked forward to a matrimonial alliance with the family of Lord Fairborough; and that that was the reason why his lordship took such an interest in his fortunes.

We shall mention only one other conjecture, and it was held with great tenacity, and an amount of plausibility which it was almost impossible to resist; it was to this effect, that Sir Michael Carey intended to bestow one of his daughters upon Herbert—in fact, that he had already proposed the matter to him, and that Herbert had assented. In corroboration of this, it was asserted that Sir Michael and his whole family were going out to Canada, for the purpose of establishing themselves there; so that nothing could be better adapted to meet all the exigencies of the case:—the remaining portion of the Granville family were to follow, including Uncle Ben.

But amid this rainbow variety of public opinion, there were two persons at least who were not misled; and who, therefore, relaxed nothing in their exertions to effect their own particular purposes; these were Joe Whitmore and Bartley Croker. Joe knew but too

well that Miss Moore was not in love with him; and not only that, but he further knew to his utter despair and madness, that she and Herbert Granville were in love with each other: he knew these two facts; and he cared not for any other news. Bartley Croker, too, with the shrewdness which accompanied his innate villainy, was thoroughly satisfied that Herbert Granville was not a man to waver in the pursuit of any laudable object, or to permit a stain of dishonour to settle upon his escutcheon. He knew besides, that Lord Fairborough was in communication with Lord Milford on the subject of the property held for centuries by the Granville family under the latter nobleman and his family, but wrested from Herbert's father through his (Bartley's) own fraudulent and swindling conduct. This he knew; and it was this that goaded him on to the destruction of Herbert, if he could only accomplish his fell purpose through any possible instrumentality, no matter how high or how low, or in what manner or form.

There was a third person, too, who knew that the reports afloat in connexion with Herbert's decision to join his uncle in Canada were ill-founded; and that person

was Peter Mackey, the publican at the Cross. He was cognizant of all the villainous designs of Whitmore and of Croker; and his own personal interests induced him to furnish himself with all possible information respecting the intentions and movements of Herbert Granville. Peter, as the reader is aware, was a selfish and avaricious villain. Like most persons of this character, there was in his composition a prying and inquisitive vein which kept him constantly on the alert in the endeavour to discover everything that was occurring or likely to occur in the families around him. Like all scandal-hunters he was frequently imposed upon by persons who wished to put him on the wrong scent, knowing the baseness of his character, and detesting him accordingly; but still, he generally succeeded in ferreting out such information as was essential to his dark and treacherous designs. He knew everything, almost, connected with the movements of Herbert; he was aware of his attachment to Miss Moore; he was cognizant of his intention to join his uncle in Canada; he was aware of his aim to get back his father's property from Bartley Croker, through the exertions of Lord Fairborough: he knew all

these things well; but he never pretended to this knowledge to anybody but to Joe Whitmore and to Bartley Croker. To these he communicated whatever he discovered in reference to these points; but he also took care, at the same time, to mix up this information with as much falsehood as he deemed necessary to arouse their hopes or fears, as the case might be. In short, Peter was not a tittle inferior in villainy to Bartley himself; while, as he sometimes insinuated, he could twist Joe Whitmore on his little finger, since *he* was no more than a *gom* (a dribbling fool). So, when Peter thought it would suit his purpose he was prepared to inform Bartley or Whitmore that Herbert was a member of the Whitefeet organization for he "made it out, when no other man could." In fact, Peter, knowing the deep feeling of hatred which both these gentlemen entertained for Herbert, never ceased inventing lies of one kind or other about him, to suit the hour and the occasion.

In the present state of opinion, as regarded the intentions and movements of Herbert, Peter was very active, sometimes inclining to one opinion, and sometimes to another, and sometimes inventing an opinion, and

putting it on the wing. He visited Bartley at his residence at Gurtroo, one very dark night about this time. He was armed *cáp-à-pie* to encounter him. The two scoundrels understood each other well; but being of mutual advantage one to the other, they had to disguise their feelings, and assume a friendship and a confidence of the most ardent and unshaken kind. Peter spoke of the different opinions that were abroad, that is, of the opinions which he had himself forged, with a thin sprinkling of the actual reports.

“There’s no time to be lost, by jingo,” he said; “for ’tis known for certain that he (Herbert) is goin’ sthraight to Lunnun (London) to see Lord Milford himself, wid strong letthers in his pocket from Lord Fairborough. That’s what’s said now; and ’tis thrue, for I heeard it, by jing, in a way that no mortal man could find out but myself. And another thing that’s said is, that when he’ll come from Lunnun he’ll be agent over all Lord Milford’s estates, in this and every other county they’re lyin’ in. There’s no mistake at all about that. And besides, when he’ll come back he’ll not mind marryin’ at all. Myself don’t know how Mr. Whitmore will

like it; but 'tis said for certain that Miss Moore and Herbert Granville are separated for ever, by consint of both. Oh, that's as thrue as you're there. *I know it.* So Mr. Whitmore 'll have no trouble at all in gettin' her now."

He threw his eye slyly across at Bartley, to mark how he took the news, as he called his own lying invention.

Bartley looked, or pretended to look, troubled; as if he saw a chance of losing the co-operation of Whitmore in his designs on the life of Herbert; and Peter saw, or thought he saw, that he hit his mark. He, therefore, said no more; for, as he observed, when he related the circumstance to Jer Grinnex a day or two afterwards, "I thought it a pity to spile the sthroke, by jing." The truth is, that Bartley did not believe one word of all that Peter had told him; but, as we have said, he *pretended* to be troubled about it, in order to deceive Peter and throw him off his guard. Bartley knew precisely how far he had to fear the interference of Lord Fairborough; he knew well that his lordship had not interfered at all in Lord Milford's private arrangements, and that it was not at all likely he would do so. It was

not fear, so much as hatred, that influenced Bartley; though there is no doubt that a certain fear was mixed with his hatred; a fear, however, which did not proceed from any apprehension that Lord Fairborough would meddle with the affairs of Lord Milford's estates; but from the consciousness that he had inflicted a great injury upon Herbert, which injury might, in some way or other, be discovered and avenged. In one word, he injured Herbert, and he therefore hated him. So that when Peter Mackey chuckled at the idea of having made a good *sthroke*, as he called his lying story, he was only deceiving himself. And he was equally deceiving himself when he fancied that the story of a separation having taken place between Herbert and Miss Moore would influence the action of Bartley. Bartley did not believe one word of this either. In fact, he believed nothing of all that which Peter had told him. He *saw* at once the channel in which Peter's mind was running; which was simply to rouse him (Bartley) to immediate action against the life of Herbert, and thereby to promote the views of Joe Whitmore without exposing the latter gentleman to any danger arising from a participation in

such action. Bartley, therefore, *pretended* to be troubled, in order to carry out his own plan of inveighing Joe Whitmore into the perpetration of the deed which he felt so anxious to see accomplished, that is, the removal of Herbert Granville from his path, either by fair or foul means. Bartley having now, by his *pretended* uneasiness, thrown Peter off his guard, commenced to ply him as follows,—

“I must say, Mr. Mackey, that this news disturbs me very much. I cannot entertain a doubt that you have been thoroughly informed; and therefore I consider it necessary not to lose a moment in guarding myself against any probable danger that may arise from the circumstances you have mentioned. It strikes me now that I should lose no time in determining on the best course to be adopted in this emergency. My first idea is, to proceed immediately to London, and have an interview with my Lord Milford. I shall then inform myself correctly of everything touching that portion of your information which has respect to Lord Fairborough’s intermeddling with my Lord Milford’s affairs; and as to the other matter—I mean that which relates to Herbert Granville and Miss

Moore—it doesn't concern me. But, as I apprehend that my Lord Milford will not be found in London at the present moment, I shall, very probably, have to proceed to the Continent; and this will take me a considerable time before I shall be able to be back here again — not unlikely six months, or more. So that by that time Herbert Granville and Miss Moore will have had ample space and opportunity to settle their little differences, whatever they may be; or failing this, Mr. Whitmore will be, perhaps, in a position to claim her as his own."

Peter Mackey looked a little chopfallen, his eye fell, and his tongue swept round his upper lip, as he laboured in thought. He felt that the victory he had calculated upon only a few seconds before was in danger of being lost. His tongue went round and round his lip; and still he failed to evolve anything from his mind that was calculated to meet the crisis. If Bartley should go, and remain away six months, it was difficult to say what turn things might take. One thing only appeared certain to him in such an event, and it was this, that he himself would be left alone with Joe Whitmore to manage matters which required the utmost skill and

daring of the most unscrupulous and most practised villain. He did not like this idea. Although he was not at all doubtful as to the amount of the bribe which he would be able to command from Whitmore, yet he did not feel so safe in acting alone with Whitmore, as if he had the co-operation of Bartley. Whitmore would act, he was aware; but then Whitmore was not a man to be relied upon, in point of sagacity or skill. Besides this, Peter expected a trifle from Bartley, in addition to the bribe he knew he would be able to extort from Whitmore. So that, taking everything into consideration, the idea of Bartley's absence from the scene of action was grating to the sensibility of Peter Mackey. His tongue still went round and round his upper lip, and his eyes remained half closed. He appeared to be nonplussed. Bartley seemed to enjoy his discomfiture, for he eyed him keenly, whilst a grin of the most savage description settled in one corner of his mouth.

At length a bright idea seemed to flash across Peter's mind, for the tongue was drawn in, and the eyes opened gradually, and rested upon the crown of Bartley's head. He saw the only chance now was to hasten

the catastrophe as much as possible; that is, to bring about the attack upon Herbert's life within the briefest space consistent with due and careful preparation. Keeping this idea in view, he observed,—

“What I was thinkin’ of, Mr. Croker, was as this; that ’tis hard to believe everything a body hears these times—God help us!—the people are givin’ to lies in sich a way now, that, by jing, ’tisin’t easy to know what to believe, and what not to believe. Maybe, after all, there’s not much truth about Lord Fairborough botherin’ himself at all about Lord Milford’s estates. How the Jericho could any one know one way or t’other? What I suspects now is as this,”—and here his eyes began to twinkle with a lurid glare—“that some people would like to have you go away, so as to let young Granville have full scope to make his own plans widout any one to spile (spoil) ’em on him. That’s what I suspects. And now, Mr. Croker, are you the man to allow a brat of a pretindher to cross your path, widout puttin’ your heel on his nick?”

He started to his legs as he began to utter these last words, and walked up and down the floor, brandishing one of his arms, the

other arm being plunged into the waistband of his breeches. After concluding, he stood before Bartley, and threw his eyes with a fierce glare into his face. Bartley never shrunk for a second, but bore the assault with all the cool and rigid indifference of his nature. After a brief space he quietly observed,—

“As to crossing *my* path, I care very little about that. He can do me no harm—not the least. It is my friend, and your friend, Mr. Whitmore, for whom I feel concerned. We all know that Mr. Whitmore is a man of probity and of high honour; that he abhors everything low and mean—in short, Mackey, Mr. Whitmore is a Christian gentleman. Very well, when a man is a good Christian, like our friend; when he fears God and obeys His laws, and when his mind is fixed upon the eternal salvation of his soul, his views and interests ought to obtain the support of every good man. It is for the interests of society that it should be so. On that account, therefore, you and I concern ourselves about the personal matters of Mr. Whitmore. We are not ourselves personally interested; the utmost that can be said in that respect is, that we participate

in the general advantages of society, and so to that extent we are of course interested, but no farther. You understand me, Mr. Mackey. Now I would urge upon you to see Mr. Whitmore, and to use all your influence with him—for I know you possess influence with him, and very naturally, on account of your superior intelligence and your Christian morals—to lose no time in maturing any plan that he may determine upon for the benefit of society. These troublous times, my dear Mackey, admit of no delay on the part of those who desire the stability of the British empire, and the general peace and welfare of society. Those Whitefeet must be arrested in their dangerous machinations—I mean, of course, the leaders of them—you understand me; the dupes of these men it is impossible to blame very much; poor creatures, they know not what they do. But such men as Granville—you understand me—they are a pest, sir; they are a pest that should be removed radically—yes, *radically*, my dear Mackey, *radically*.”

As he thus spoke, he rose; and taking Peter Mackey gently by the coat-collar, he breathed a very gentle breath into his ear; and the breath bore these words: “See to it,

my dear fellow; see to it. Delays are dangerous."

Peter scarcely knew what he should do. He saw clearly enough that further conversation at that time would profit nothing, and therefore he resolved to take his departure, leaving it to future reflection to strike out a new plan of action. He accordingly wished Bartley a good-bye, assuring him in the most earnest and energetic manner that he would be always his *thru*e friend.

CHAPTER XXII.

GENERAL DOHERTY IS PUT IN MOTION—A PLAN
OF ATTACK IN TWO DIVISIONS.

IT was now generally known throughout Ballydine and the neighbourhood all round, that Herbert Granville was about proceeding to Canada to join his uncle Felix; and, as we have seen, people were variously affected by the intelligence. Joe Whitmore was immersed in doubt as to the precise part which Fanny Moore was disposed to act, or would be compelled to act, on this occasion. He heard that she had no intention of getting married to Herbert, and of accompanying him to Canada; but he had no idea as to her or his ultimate views with regard to marriage. Some persons told him that they were engaged to be married upon his return from Canada, which would be in a brief period; and others informed him that they had been

already secretly married, and that it was her intention to join him in Canada in the course of a few months. This latter intelligence, however, he disregarded upon the assurance of her mother as well as of her aunt, Mrs. Credan. His great object, therefore, was to prevent their being united at any future time ; and to accomplish this he directed all his energies, calling in the assistance of his ingenious friends, Bartley Croker and Peter Mackey. We have seen how these two last-named gentlemen were endeavouring to overreach each other, and to shift the responsibility of their portions of the drama from the shoulders of the one to those of the other. Bartley was anxious for the destruction of Herbert, but wished to avoid, by all possible means, his being identified as participating in the act. Peter Mackey, on the other hand, was desirous of placing Bartley in the foreground, and thereby covering himself from view, while he clutched the double bribe—one from Bartley, the other from Whitmore. His intention was to use Jer Grinnex in the conduct of the business, by placing him under the patronage of Bartley, and thus securing himself against the consequences of a miscarriage. Joe Whitmore,

however, had not yet given up his favourite plan of a forcible abduction, and was only waiting to see how events might develop themselves from day to day.

Fanny Moore was greatly affected when Herbert broke to her his final decision to join his uncle, though she was somewhat prepared for it from their former frequent conversations on the subject. On this occasion they were sitting in the summer-house of the garden at Ash Grove, after he had returned from his visit to Sir Michael Carey, which we mentioned in a former chapter. He told her where he had been, and detailed to her everything that had occurred at the interview, as also at the other interviews with Lord Fairborough and the Rev. Dr. Markham. She listened to him with a sad and pale countenance, occasionally putting her pocket-handkerchief to her eyes, and wiping away the tears which were silently rolling down her cheeks. After he had concluded, her fortitude abandoned her, and she flung herself upon his bosom, throwing her arms around his neck, and bursting into a loud cry. He soothed her with all the endearing tenderness prompted by his deep love for her, and endeavoured to rouse her from her

dejection, by assuming a cheerfulness which he but little felt, and by referring to the very brief interval that was to intervene before his return. After a little time she became composed, and expressed herself as being prepared to endure anything for his sake.

“Dear Herbert,” she said, “I cannot help feeling, not so much for myself as for you. I shall be safe, and—” she was going to say “happy,” but she could not belie her heart, so she substituted “resigned.” “I shall be safe and resigned at home; but you will be exposed to the dangers of the ocean, without a friend to cheer you; without any of the comforts to which you have been accustomed. And then, when you arrive in a strange land, your days will be lonely; and you will be thinking, with a sad heart, of those whom you left behind you, and who would be so happy—oh, how happy—to be at your side, and to cheer your solitary hours.”

Here she burst into tears again, and bent her head upon his bosom. He, too, was deeply affected, and wiped away the tears from his eyes more than once while she spoke. He said, after a while, “I trust, my dear Fanny, that you will not permit yourself to indulge in any gloomy forebodings while I am away from you.

Remember that I am yours ; and though I am obliged to part from you for a time, I shall again return to you with redoubled affection, and we shall be happy together for ever. The time of our separation shall not be long, for I am resolved to return after I have spent a few months with my uncle, no matter what may arise. If he should insist upon my ultimately settling in Canada, I shall at all events return, and take you back there with me, after we shall have been married here. So there is no reason why either of us should feel disheartened ; on the contrary, we should feel comforted from the consciousness of our mutual love, and in the prospect of a life which my heart tells me will be one of pure and unalloyed happiness. After all, we could not have expected to have our path in this life clear of obstruction from beginning to end. To suffer is inseparable from human existence. And those who pass through this condition in the early part of life are better prepared to meet the vicissitudes which may arise in its succeeding stages. At least, let us hope for the best. I cannot, at the same time, conceal from you, or from myself, the feeling of loneliness which oppresses me when I think of being separated from you, even for

a short time ; but then we must be brave. Yes, to use your own expression, so often addressed by you to me on other occasions, *we must be brave*. I know you will always think of me when I am away ; but let me request of you to mingle those thoughts of me with the bright hope of our meeting again in joy and happiness. In this way our separation will be relieved of the sadness which would otherwise hang around it, and the hours and days will pass away in the sunlight of peace and hope. I shall write to you the moment I shall have landed in Canada, and shall continue to do so at every opportunity. I shall expect you to do the same. So you see, my sweet little woman,”—here he patted her playfully on the cheek—“we shall not be altogether miserable while away from each other’s society. But, by-the-bye, I have no doubt that you will sometimes be obliged to hear some evil things said of me while I am away. But do not be troubled on that account. You know that this is one of the things we sometimes have to endure in this life. Indeed, it could not be otherwise, unless we were to suppose that there is no evil on earth. But we cannot deceive ourselves by any supposition of that sort. Let us—if we may use the divine name of our Saviour without irre-

verence when speaking of ourselves—let us always remember that He suffered the stings of the evil tongue during His short sojourn here; and let us not forget, either, that His chosen successors shared a similar fate. It matters little what may be said of us in the way of reproach by evil-minded persons; our safeguard, our consolation, and our antidote lie in our consciousness of rectitude. You will not, therefore, mind what evil they may speak of me. Some will speak kindly of me, I have no doubt, and to these your ears will be turned with gladness. You see there is no evil without its antidote. Well; I am fatiguing you now. We shall have other opportunities of telling our thoughts to each other before I go. So we shall now speak of something else. Let us walk through the garden.”

Such was the manner in which Fanny Moore received the account of Herbert's intended departure from Herbert's own lips. Her feelings were deeply affected; she was sad and sorrowful. But not so did she bear herself when, some days afterwards the subject was brought under her notice by her mother and her aunt, Mrs. Credan. They wished to probe her feelings with reference to Herbert, and to turn her attention away

from him altogether, by representing any friendship, as they expressed it, which she might have felt towards him, in the light of a childish fancy.

Mrs. Credan said, “Now, my dear Fanny, you must allow me to be a judge in these matters ; I have been a girl once like yourself, and I had my fancies, too, like you. But these things pass away with our years ; and you will be surprised, in the course of time, at your own folly in pursuing mere shadows. No, my dear, you must look to the substance of things, and doubt your own judgment when you are troubled with fancies. To be sure, no one questions that Mr. Granville is a very proper man, of good presence and ancient family, and all that ; but you must know—and you will hereafter discover—that these mere outside attractions are not what constitute our happiness in this world. As I have said, you must learn to doubt yourself, and be guided by the experience of those who know the world, and who know what is best for you. Your father and mother are the persons most interested in your welfare ; and I am sure you will allow that next to them I feel the deepest interest in your happiness. Well, we are all opposed to your throwing

your life away upon a person like Mr. Granville, who has no means of making you comfortable, or of giving you that position in society to which your birth and your family entitle you. You ought, my dear, to attend to what our experience points out to you as the most desirable course to follow." In this strain she continued for some time, while Fanny listened with respectful attention, but with an evident disapproval of the advice tendered by her aunt. Mrs. Moore followed up the same line of observation, and endeavoured to win over the mind of her daughter to a calm and rational view of what her best friends considered her true interest. But although Fanny was respectful in her attention to all that was urged both by her aunt and her mother, her feelings remained wholly unmoved by all that they said. She felt not the slightest inclination in favour of their views; nor was the deep spring of her affection for Herbert Granville in the slightest degree disturbed by their representations. At the same time, she was unwilling to unveil the sanctuary of her heart to the profane gaze of even her mother and aunt. That was too sacred a spot for any, save her own Herbert, to look upon. She therefore confined herself

to a mere passing commentary on the advice that was tendered to her, without entering seriously upon the subject which was dearest to her heart. She said, "Well, really I have no intention at present of getting married; but that I do intend to get married some time or another is, of course, true; but I cannot say when that time will come. I am quite sure that you, my dear aunt, as well as my mamma, have no other desire than the promotion of my happiness. Of that, indeed, I cannot entertain a doubt. But I believe also that you would not wish to force me into any marriage contrary to my own feelings. I have no desire to marry at present, nor can I really say at what time I shall be in a condition to take that step. But this I must say at once, so as to prevent any further conversation about it, that I shall never marry Joe Whitmore. Nothing on earth could induce me to marry him. I have more than once expressed myself to this effect before, and I now repeat it. And, further, I say, that rather than marry him I would beg, or starve, ay, or die. There now is the solemn declaration of my soul. I trust, therefore, my dear aunt, that you will never again mention his name to me; and, dear mamma, I am sure that you will not, now

that you know the feelings of my heart on this subject, annoy yourself or me by referring to it any more. I shall be content with the suggestions of my own heart, and for my happiness I shall rest upon the providence of God. Here my faith is fixed, and I feel that I shall not be disappointed." She then stood up and walked over to her mother and kissed her cheek. She did the same with her aunt, and then left the room.

But while this agitation was going on among the ladies, Joe Whitmore and Bartley Croker, with their understrappers, Peter Mackey and Jer Grinnex, were not idle spectators of passing events. The two first-named gentlemen met by appointment, and discussed the subject nearest to their heart, each contending for his own view of the course to be adopted just as it suited his own particular interest. Joe was, at first, very tenacious of his original purpose of abducting Miss Moore by force, since he saw in this the proudest triumph he could achieve over Herbert Granville, for, as he urged, "it would cut him to the very centre of his heart." This, he thought, would be better than murdering him; for if he were once dead he could suffer no more; but by being

alive, and seeing the girl of his heart in the possession of another, he would be suffering a repeated death, that is, a continuous death in life. And Joe gloated over this idea.

Bartley Croker, however, thought otherwise; and he was not a man who would permit an inferior villain to himself, like Joe Whitmore, to overrule him. He accordingly took up Joe's arguments seriatim, and "thumped them to powder," as he afterwards said. He pointed out the folly of supposing that Miss Moore, even in the event of her being abducted, would be reconciled to her abductor. So far, he thought, would Whitmore be from establishing a triumph over his rival, Mr. Granville, by such a course, that he should only expose himself to derision, perhaps to ruin. But there was the probable failure of the enterprise to be considered. It might not be so easy as Whitmore imagined to take Miss Moore forcibly from her father's house. Even if her parents and her aunt, Mrs. Credan, favoured the design, there were other difficulties in the way. Would her brother, Harry Moore, who loved her so dearly, and who was so deeply and tenderly interested in the fortunes of the Granville family—would he be ineffective in

his resistance to any outrage offered to his sister? But was it likely either that old Mr. Moore would assent to any arrangement touching the abduction of his daughter, no matter what his wife or sister-in-law might think about it. Was it not most probable that he would not listen to such a thing, and that his wife and sister-in-law would not dare to mention such a thing to him? Then, look at the personal danger to Joe Whitmore himself which this matter involved. The probabilities were all on the side of the opinion that his ruin would be the inevitable consequence of any attempt of the sort contemplated. Thus Bartley reasoned, placing Whitmore's plan of operation in every point of view that was calculated to influence its rejection and the adoption of his own. Whitmore at length began to waver in his purpose, notwithstanding the great *éclat* which he had promised himself from the abduction; and the terrible torture which he believed it would inflict upon the heart of Herbert Granville. Joe Whitmore was a vain villain; indeed we are not sure but that all villains are vain; for vanity would appear to be a part, and no small part, of the natural constitution of the generality of villains to be

met with in ordinary life. But be that as it may, Joe was doubtless afflicted with a large share of vanity; and therefore to be deprived of the "glory," as he termed it, of carrying off Miss Moore, was in no small degree painful to him. It was hard to make up for this in any other way. As to Herbert Granville's destruction, he didn't much care about that, one way or another, except that he wouldn't go to the trouble of having any active hand in it himself. It might be done, for aught he cared; but he did not set his heart upon it. He wished him to be removed out of his way, to be sure; that was an important object with him; but he should as soon have it done by transportation, or hanging, or any other way as by murder. Bartley Croker, however, was of a different opinion. He was not a man of half-measures. He held it as a fixed principle from which there should be no deviation, that any man who stood in the line of your ambition or your interest should be removed from it in the most effectual way; that is, in such a way that no apprehension need ever be entertained of him. To effect such a removal, then, there was but one way, and that was his absolute destruction. Bartley, too, was

a pious man—we do not mean, of course, that he was actually so, but we mean that he assumed the outward expression and semblance of piety, and made it a most important portion of his system of villainy to impress an opinion of his piety upon every person with whom he came into contact. His being an attorney by profession, too, added greatly to the advantages which he hoped to derive from this deception; for his being known and spoken of as a “pious attorney” would be regarded as one of the wonders of the world, and could not fail to surround him with overflowing confidence and all its consequent benefits. It is true that he assumed this piety at the time that he had been a *practising* attorney, and before he became agent to Lord Milford; but as it was a wise measure then, he had no reason to think that it would not be equally wise and beneficial to continue it through every ramification of his career. At all events, he *did* continue it; and he still endeavoured to be recognized as the “pious attorney.” To be sure, Joe Whitmore understood him pretty well, that is, as far as his inferior degree of roguery enabled him to penetrate the more extensive regions of Bartley’s villainy. He knew him

well enough, at all events, to see that on the present occasion he was anxious only about his own property and character, and desirous of removing every possible chance of having either of them sifted or disturbed. But Whitmore had his own turn to serve, and he was incapable of effecting anything without Bartley's assistance; so he was obliged to submit to his fate, and to adopt the course marked out by his friend's superior ingenuity. It was therefore resolved between them that an attack should be made, in the shape of a Whitefeet invasion, upon the Ash Grove House, and that the attack should be so arranged as to provide for the greatest possible probability of Herbert's being shot. They could not of course devise any plan that would ensure his certain death, since there was no doubt that he would defend himself; but the greatest probability of arriving at that end was all that could be aimed at in the arrangement, and to this they applied themselves. Who was to lead the attack? This was a question which presented some difficulty. They saw at once that Paddy Larkin was not the man to suit their purpose in that respect, since his devotion to the interests of the Ash Grove family was well

known. Then there was another difficulty, which was equally insurmountable; it was this, that Paddy being the chief officer of the "Army of Freedom" in his own district, no operation could be planned or carried out there without his concurrence and superior control. In fact, they saw that Paddy was not available for their purpose; and that in order to be successful they must hide their design altogether from that gentleman. What then was to be done? Bartley Croker struck out the plan at once, that is, after they had determined upon ignoring the services of Paddy Larkin.

The plan was this: Jer Grinnex was to be employed to enter into an arrangement with the General of the Ballydine Division of the Army of Freedom, with the view of effecting the purpose in hand. The general, through Grinnex, was to be informed that a certain sum of money was to be placed at his disposal in consideration of his acting in conformity with the views of a certain party, to him unknown, but who, he was to understand, were equally interested with himself in promoting the cause of Irish freedom. The part which he would be called upon to act was this: on a certain night, and at a

certain hour, he was to order a combined attack on two points within the district of Ballydine; that Ash Grove House was to be one of these points; and that the other would be left to his own discretion. He was to appoint Jer Grinnex commanding officer in the movement upon Ash Grove House; while Paddy Larkin was to be placed in command of the other attack. It was determined that four men should be detailed as the force which Jer Grinnex was to lead in his part of the attack, and that these men should be strangers, that is, that they should not belong to the village or immediate neighbourhood of Ballydine. It was suggested that Cushport men, or Corrigcastle men would be the best suited to the purpose. Furthermore, the general was to be instructed not to acquaint Paddy Larkin with the second portion of the combined attack, that is, that portion which had Ash Grove House for its object.

This was, of course, essential; for otherwise Paddy, instead of pressing on, and carrying the fortress, assigned as his portion of the work, at the point of the sword, would most probably fall back; and in place of aiding, would throw his whole force into

a resistance to the whole plan of operation. Bartley Croker next suggested that Jer Grinnex should be placed in immediate communication with Peter Mackey, the publican, who was to act as the mainspring to the whole machine.

“You see, my dear fellow,” said he, addressing Joe Whitmore, and taking him soothingly by the coat-collar at the same time, “You see, my dear fellow, that it would never do for us to be *seen* in this affair. We must be as if we were not. Mackey will transact the whole business; he is a shrewd, keen fellow, and alive to his own interest—i’ faith! for that matter I’d back him against the kingdom,” and here he chuckled with great self-complacency, drawing himself up, and placing his arms akimbo. He then resumed, “We must place a fair sum of money in his hands, so as to set him in motion. Promises would be of no avail with him; for he seems to have a low opinion of mankind; not like you and me, Whitmore, whose confidence in our fellow-men is beyond suspicion, eh?”—and he winked and smirked at his companion, who returned the intelligence in a sort of faded echo; “yes, Mackey will re-

quire a sum of money to grease the springs of the machinery and put it into motion."

"But," interrupted Whitmore, "does Mackey know who this general is? I think it is important that we should be informed upon this matter before we put our hands in our pockets. If he is ignorant upon this point, and if it must be that he has to depend on Grinnex for information, I should not, for my part, venture to spend any money on the affair."

"Bless your soul," replied Bartley, "he knows him as sure as he knows his right hand. Know him? why whom does he not know? If this general be not a myth—if he really exists, Mackey knows him, you may depend upon it. But if he do not exist, if he be a mere imaginary creation; a voice, a name, a rallying point, a *shibboleth*, in a word; still, our purpose can be served quite as efficiently as if he were an embodiment of flesh and blood. Let Mackey alone for that. Now, look here," he pressed up closely to Whitmore, placing his hand upon his shoulder, and his lips to his ear, and whispering very gently, "place a hundred pounds in Mackey's hands, with suitable instructions, and then let the thing work itself."

He then drew back his head, and looked half-smilingly into Joe's face, as if to mark the effect, the soothing effect, as he believed of his whispered words upon him.

But Joe did not seem to be quite charmed with the words of his friend; for instead of appearing pleased, as was expected, his face became shaded with a passing cloud, through which his eyes looked out rayless and muddy.

Bartley saw this at once, and at once proceeded to rectify his error.

"Now, Whitmore," he said, "you understand this hundred pounds is only a loan, a temporary loan. Mackey is to return it—we shall have this in writing, observe—as soon as he is compensated, at least to an equal amount, for his services to the Government in striking the first blow at this gigantic conspiracy." His eyes twinkled with a lurid glare as he spoke: "And," he continued, "look at the exalted position you shall have attained in the estimation of the king, when his Majesty shall have been informed, as he shall have been, of the noble part you had taken on behalf of the Crown."

Bartley waved his hand in confirmation of the soundness of the view he had thus placed under the eyes of his companion; and then

seated himself; folding his arms across his breast, and looking up to the ceiling.

Whitmore appeared somewhat stunned with the new idea; and could make no reply for some minutes. He paced the room, up and down, and then looked out at the window; and then rubbed his eyes. After that he appeared to brighten up; and the next evidence of returning sagacity was a smile which quivered sluggishly over his face. He then sat beside his companion, and said in the most confidential manner possible,—

“My dear Croker, I leave the management of this business altogether in your hands; I am now ready to carry out with you any arrangement which your superior judgment suggests. I shall place the necessary funds in your hands, to be disposed of in the manner best calculated to effect our purposes.”

Having delivered himself of these very sagacious observations; and feeling a flow of spirit which operated very kindly upon him, he slapped his hand upon his companion's knee, exclaiming,—

“Cracko! you are a man of genius, Croker. I never doubted your great qualities; and I now see that heaven has stamped

them with its power. Croker!"—here he took his companion by the hand, and shook him warmly—"if you and I only stood, for even once, in presence of the king, and heard him say, 'Mr. Whitmore, I thank you for your services to the Crown,'—eh, Croker? If I heard these words addressed to me by the king—yes, by our sovereign lord, the king—cracko! there, Croker; cracko! I say." He sprang to his legs, and paced the room with rapid strides, waving his handkerchief and muttering something about majesty, sovereign, glory, realm.

Matters having been thus far adjusted between the two chief plotters, it only remained now to engage the services of Peter Mackey, the publican, and Jer Grinnex, the patriot; and to put the plot in train for execution. Peter Mackey was accordingly sent for by Bartley Croker a day or two after this last interview between himself and Joe Whitmore; and the arrangement mentioned above was submitted to him. He hesitated for a moment about accepting the part assigned to himself; but after Bartley had developed the plot in all its minutiae, and shown the advantages which were sure to flow from it to the public interests gene-

rally, and to Peter himself in particular, the latter waived his objections, and entered heartily into the views of his employers. He stipulated, however, that he should receive the sum of fifty pounds immediately, and before he proceeded a step in the execution of the plot; "because," as he said, "I must grease the hands of Jer Grinnex before I can make him stir an inch. And another thing, Mr. Croker, I must tell you—if you don't know it a'ready—that there's no man in the county able to handle the same Jer but myself; but, so itself, I could never make any cloth out of him widout puttin' the ready rhino into his fist. So you see it stands to reason to give me the fifty pounds. I'll take care of it, and make it go far. You know me, Mr. Croker, to be an honest man that 'ud niver deceive a friend or keep a shillin' that didn't fairly belong to me. I'll settle for the hire o' the men; and do everything that's needful. Four men will be enough, besides Jer himself; because, you see, the fewer the better. There'll be less noise, and surer work. There's no one, you may say, in Ash Grove House to be afraid of, exceptin' Herbert himself; for ould Ben ain't able to do anything; and the two ould

men that's sarvants there, instead of fightin' or the like, will crawl undher the beds to hide themselves. To be sure, Herbert 'll stand out like a lion; but so much the bettther; since the men 'll have a fair open aim at him. Lay the money on my hands; and then name the night for the work."

Bartley saw that it was useless to attempt to enlist the services of Peter without giving him the sum he asked; he therefore placed the money in his hands, with the injunction to spend only as much of it as was necessary to engage the services of Grinnex and the four other men who were to be employed. Whatever amount remained over this was to be accounted for and considered as a portion of the sum which should be determined upon as his (Mackey's) own reward for his successful execution of the plot. Now, although Bartley accompanied the money with this injunction, he had not the least idea that Peter would give an honest account of it; on the contrary, he felt quite sure that he would place the whole of it, or nearly the whole of it, in his own purse; and that the only payment he would make to Grinnex and his four assistants would be a few pints of whisky, and perhaps a few shillings in their

pockets after their work of blood was done ; yet he wished in this covert way to intimate to him that a farther sum was to be given him, for his services in the faithful and effective discharge of the task assigned to him.

Peter Mackey, having put the fifty pounds in his pocket, and having agreed to acquaint Bartley with the completion of the necessary arrangements, and the time when he would be prepared to act in the final execution of the plot, took his leave, and proceeded homewards. But he had not gone more than a mile when he met Jer Grinnex approaching him on the road. Jer told him that he had called at his house ; and finding that he had been absent, and that he had gone on the Gurtroo road, he strolled along that way in the hope of meeting him. They walked along together ; and Peter told him that a good time was coming, and that his (Jer's) fortune would be made very soon unless it was his own fault. He told him in the strictest confidence that the Government would give any money to have Herbert Granville put out of the way, because they had heard that he was a very bad and dangerous man, and that he plotted their overthrow.

That, moreover, they had heard that he (Jer Grinnex) was a good and loyal subject, and in every respect a worthy and deserving man; and that they believed he was the only person they could rely upon to put Granville out of the way. If he did this service for them, they said, in the presence of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, that they would make a man of him, and give him the finest house and farm in the county. In this way Peter went on to ply his companion, as they walked along.

Jer felt greatly elated at the idea that the Government held him in such high estimation, and that there was such great luck in store for him as to become the proprietor of the finest house and farm in the county. He was, therefore, ready to do anything, and to run all sorts of risk to serve the Crown, without taking further thought than that of the future reward that was held out for his services. So he agreed at once to employ the four best men he could get either in Cushport or Corrigcastle to join him in the proposed undertaking; and he further agreed to speak to General Doherty (for he was one of the general's right-hand men), for the purpose of getting him to order an

attack on any night that would suit (it should be, of course, on the same night on which the attack was to be made on Ash Grove House), on some other point, and to place Paddy Larkin in command of it.

Having arrived at the Cross of Ballydine, Peter Mackey took his companion with him into his house; and having treated him to a glass or two of his best whisky, he dismissed him on the business in hand, enjoining him not to allow the grass to grow under his feet until he saw General Doherty, and did everything necessary for the accomplishment of the great design on which his fortune now hung.

A day or two passed over, during which all parties interested in the forthcoming display of the great Army of Freedom were busily occupied in the necessary preparations. Several interviews took place between Bartley Croker and Joe Whitmore; and also between Peter Mackey and Jer Grinnex; and the night for the combined attack was appointed; and the two *corps d'armée* with their respective commanders were detailed for this double service. The night would be dark, for the moon was on the wane; and the hour of one o'clock in the morning was

deemed the most favourable ; this was the hour fixed for the attack on Ash Grove House : but the hour for the other attack, which was intended upon a police-barrack about a mile and a half distant from the Cross of Ballydine and at the foot of a hill lying to the west of Glen Corril, was left to the decision of General Doherty, who was to direct Paddy Larkin in that behalf.

On the morning of the day preceding the contemplated attack, Peter Mackey and Jer Grinnex breakfasted together at the house of the former ; and this they did according to arrangement, in order to keep fresh in their minds the method and manner of the advance, assault, and retreat. The ostensible object of the assault was to take possession of the fire-arms at Ash Grove House for the use and benefit of the Army of Freedom ; but the real object, which was kept from the knowledge of the rank and file, and only known to their commander, Jer Grinnex, was to shoot down Herbert Granville.

“ You are to bring up your men along the avenue,” said Peter, repeating the order of advance, “ until ye reach the little pond by the side of the lawn. Yourself and two of

your men will then take a stand between the upper edge of the pond and the corner of the house in a line with the hall-door, and under the shade of the beech-tree; and the other two men are to steal along by the wall till they come to the hall-door, where they are to knock as loud as they can with the butt-end of their carbines, and demand admittance in the name of the Army of Freedom. Then 'tis like that Master Herbert will show himself above at one of the windows, and ask what is wantin'. If he opens the window, and stands fair front, a shot would be the best answer to give him; for, you see, that would silence him, and make the business easy for the men to enter and take the fire-arms. But, maybe, he wouldn't stand fair front; if so, the hall-door is to be burst in with the sledges; and that'll either bring him down, or make him put out his head at the window to fire. If he comes down, a bould rush at him in the hall, wid a pike or two will do the job; but if not, and that he puts out his head to fire down, two slaps together at him, wid two carbines, will be shure to splinther him. If not, in together with ye all, and pound away. When 'tis all over, away wid ye then, and

never rest ham till ye reach the hill beyond Corrigcastle; and there ye can hide in the woods until the next night, and no one 'll be the wiser."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ATTACK—ITS CONSEQUENCES.

WE showed in a former chapter that John Gorman, the captain, became acquainted with the designs of Bartley Croker and Joe Whitmore through the medium of his friend and former lady-love, Nelly Bryan, the housekeeper at Castle Whitmore. This information, as the reader is aware, was obtained on the evening when the captain was entertained in the housekeeper's room in the rear of the library. On that occasion the housekeeper overheard the conversation of her master and Bartley Croker, as she happened to enter the closet which stood in the partition which divided her room from the library. With all that occurred on that evening the reader is already acquainted, with the exception of this, that before the captain parted from Nelly Bryan on that evening, he had

exacted a solemn promise from her that she would always keep her eyes and ears open whenever Bartley Croker visited Castle Whitmore, and especially whenever those two gentlemen sat together in the library inside her own room, where the closet lay so conveniently situated for overhearing their conversation. Nelly Bryan was faithful to her promise, and never failed to acquaint the captain with all that transpired since that evening of a nature to interest him, whether it was a conversation between Joe Whitmore and Bartley Croker, or any other information, of whatever shape or form, which appeared to her to be desirable for him to be furnished with.

It so happened, then, that on the night preceding that on which the attack on Ash Grove House was to take place, Bartley Croker paid a visit to Joe Whitmore, and they both sat together in the library, and talked the subject over. Nelly Bryan thus acquired a considerable amount of information through the medium of her "nice little closet;" and of information, too, so interesting and so important, that she concluded no time should be lost in communicating it to her friend the captain. We should have ob-

served that the captain had informed Denny Mullins, the piper, of all that had transpired at Castle Whitmore on the evening of the interview in the library, that is, in reference to the affairs of the Granvilles and the Moores. Of course the captain did not think it necessary to tell him of the tender passages of love that took place between himself and Nelly Bryan. Denny was therefore on the alert to take note of everything that turned up which bore upon the interests of his friends at Ash Grove and at Brookfield Hall. He never allowed a day to pass without visiting both houses, and also extending his rambles in the direction of Castle Whitmore. He sometimes called in to the Castle to see the housekeeper, and to play a tune for her, for he was an old acquaintance of hers, too; and besides, it was understood between herself and the captain that she was to communicate to Denny whatever information she might deem of importance under the circumstances. The captain himself, we need scarcely say, allowed his brain but little rest from the moment he had discovered the fell intentions of the two villains upon the peace and happiness, as well as upon the life, of his friend, Herbert Gran-

ville. He was out early and late in quest of information. His visits to Castle Whitmore were short and not frequent, for the obvious reason that he did not wish to attract notice. But with Denny, the piper, there was no need of such caution, inasmuch as it was in the course of his profession to call at the houses of the gentry everywhere, and at all times. No notice therefore was to be taken of him.

When Nelly Bryan, the housekeeper at Castle Whitmore, had arrived at the knowledge of the attack that was about to be made upon Ash Grove House—and this knowledge she had obtained, as we have stated, on the night preceding that of the intended attack—she became very anxious, and sought every opportunity to make the captain acquainted with what was going forward.

Denny had not made his appearance at or about the Castle on the following morning; and Nelly Bryan knew no one whom she could trust with a message to either the captain or the piper. She waited, and waited, until the afternoon of the day on which so much depended in the way of making the necessary preparation to defend Herbert Granville from the approaching assault upon his life. She grew more and more restless

and distracted when she found that the time was getting short, and that neither the captain nor the piper had made their appearance.

It was now evening ; even the shadows of night were beginning to fall, and yet there was no appearance of any person to whom she could communicate the important information with which her breast was burdened. She became almost desperate. At length, throwing her cloak over her shoulders, she rushed out of the house, resolved to find the captain, and inform him of the danger of his friend. She passed hastily down by the edge of the lawn until she got into the winding of the avenue amid the embowering trees. Here she heard footsteps advancing up the avenue. She paused ; and after a moment she beheld Denny Mullins advancing towards her with his pipes under his arm. She hurried forward to meet him ; and taking hold of his arm, she communicated to him in broken sentences, but in a sufficiently intelligible manner, all that she had overheard in reference to the projected attack upon Ash Grove House. With reference to the movement against the police-barrack she was not so clear ; all that she could tell on that point

was that Paddy Larkin was to lead it, and that it was to take place at twelve o'clock that night, that is, an hour before the attack upon Ash Grove House. Denny appeared greatly excited; but he endeavoured to elicit from her every particular that occurred to him as necessary to be known, by putting all sorts of questions to her, and attending to the answers she returned. He then left her, and commenced retracing his steps towards Ballydine; for it immediately crossed his mind that Moll Dreelin was the first person whom he ought to see and question with reference to the movements of Paddy Larkin. It was getting late, and no time was to be lost. He pushed on with great alacrity, shifting the green bag from arm to arm, in order to promote his speed.

Having arrived at Moll Dreelin's, he took that lady into the back room before he spoke a word, thereby causing her, as well as her daughter Anty, to feel not a little alarmed, especially when they noticed the excitement and trepidation which accompanied his behaviour. Having slammed back the door as they entered the room, he flung the green bag upon the bed; and then taking her by the arm, which he pressed and shook in his

excitement, he asked her, in a series of rapid questions, "Where was Paddy Larkin? when had he left the village? what was he doing? when would he come back?" which he followed up by other questions, and by observations expressive of his astonished and indignant feelings.

After she had taken time to draw her breath, she asked him why he was in such a state of excitement, and what had happened to him at all that he should behave himself in the way he did. He then became a little calm, and told her about the attack that was to be made that night upon Master Herbert Granville. It was her turn now to become alarmed; and so she clapped her hands together, and began to give vent to her feelings of sorrowful apprehension. She then called in Anty, who, when she heard the news, began also to clap her hands and to ejaculate her sorrow.

Time, however, was not to be wasted in idle regrets; so Denny demanded at once all the information they could give him with respect to Paddy Larkin. Anty, from whom her betrothed was not wont to conceal any of his movements, then related all she knew. She said that Paddy left the village early in

the evening; that he went to Corrigcastle to see General Doherty; that he was to leave that town at half-past ten o'clock with a party of Whitefeet to attack the police-barrack at Skark, and that he was to be back at their (Dreelin's) house again between one and two o'clock in the morning. He told her before he went that the general expected him back to Corrigcastle as soon as the business should be over at the barrack; but that he would not return there, but would return to her immediately. This was the substance of her information, and it was enough for Denny.

Leaving his pipes in the care of Moll Dreelin, and taking a stout blackthorn stick in his hand, he sallied forth in search of Paddy Larkin. But before he passed outside the door, he directed Anty Dreelin and her mother to lose no time in finding out the captain, either at his house or elsewhere, and telling him how things stood. He then went on his way, down by the Cross and along the road to Corrigcastle. His intention was to meet Paddy Larkin at Corrigcastle before he had set out for the attack on the barrack, and there inform him of the intended movement against Ash Grove House. He

knew that Paddy, as soon as he should have received this information, would hasten back to defend the family under whose roof he had been sheltered from his earliest boyhood, and for whom he entertained the deepest affection.

No sooner had Denny, the piper, stepped outside the door of Dreelin's house than Anty, taking her shawl and wrapping it around her, went forth in search of the captain. She had not gone far, when she met Ned Doolin and Bill Cleary coming down against her on their way towards the Cross. She stopped them; and at once informed them of all that had just transpired. They were greatly astonished; and told her to return to her house, as they would go immediately and tell the captain, for they knew where he was. She accordingly returned home; and they, retracing their steps, passed up the mountain road for a short distance; and then, crossing over the fields, proceeded in the direction of Brookfield Hall. They found the captain there, seated before a blazing fire in the servants' hall, and cracking jokes with the fat butler. They took him out into the farmyard, and there communicated to him the intelligence they had

received. He comprehended the whole matter at once; and telling them to hasten down to Ash Grove House, and to acquaint Master Herbert with the news, and to stop there with him until he should join them, he returned into the Hall again for the purpose of seeing and speaking with Master Harry Moore.

This gentleman, as soon as he had heard from the captain that danger was impending over the Granville family, hastened to afford them all the assistance in his power. He got together some of his men—house and farm servants—and armed them with blunderbusses, carbines, and pistols: then giving his double-barrel fowling piece to the captain, and taking a case of pistols under his own arm, he, and the captain, and the men hastened down to Ash Grove House. They found Herbert Granville and Uncle Ben, with Ned Doolin and Bill Cleary seated in the parlour, talking over the news, and speculating as to the probabilities of its correctness or otherwise. After some conversation between all the parties, in which the captain took the chief part, it was determined to take immediate steps to guard against a surprise, and to put the house in a state of defence.

It was now between ten and eleven o'clock, and consequently it was time to make the necessary arrangements to repel any assault that might be made upon the house and premises, in case there was any truth in the news received to that effect. It was true that no great reliance should be placed upon a statement made by Anty Dreelin; but then Denny, the piper, was not a man that could easily be deceived upon a matter which had latterly so much occupied his attention. This latter consideration, coupled with the information possessed by the captain, whose shrewdness and penetration no one could question, left scarcely a doubt that some movement of the kind mentioned might be made. Every possible preparation was, therefore, made to resist the apprehended assault. All the lower windows were strongly fastened and bolted. Barricades were erected against the doors, front and rear. The upper windows were to be manned; that is, as many of them as there were men to guard, two men being stationed at each window; the rest were to be fastened and barricaded. Some men were to be stationed on the outside as sentinels, who were to give notice of the approach of the assailants, and then

retire within the house. By the time all these arrangements were effected, the clock struck twelve. All the front lights in the house were then put out; and the party held themselves in readiness to take their posts as soon as the sentinels, who had now taken up their assigned positions outside, should report the approaching attack. The clock struck one; and there was no alarm from the sentinels. But within fifteen minutes afterwards they came in quickly, and reported that there was a suppressed murmur in the avenue as if of many persons stealthily approaching.

All now took their places. In a few minutes Jer Grinnex was seen creeping towards the beech-tree in front of the house, where he crouched beneath its branches. Two or three other men appeared gliding among the trees between the pond and the house, while some others were seen moving off towards the end of the house and in the direction of the courtyard. The night was rather dark, a few stars only twinkling here and there between the black masses of cloud that spread over the sky. But yet there was sufficient light to permit the outline of objects at a short distance to be seen,

Herbert Granville and Ned Doolin occupied one of the windows in front of the house; and Harry Moore and Bill Cleary occupied another at a little distance from them, one window only intervening between the two parties. Scarcely had they marked the movements we have just mentioned when a loud voice was heard at the hall-door demanding admittance in the name of Captain Whitefoot and the Army of Freedom.

Then there was a pause of a few seconds; after which two or three blows, as of a sledge-hammer were heard resounding against the door. Harry Moore lifted the window-sash near which he stood, to the height of some eight or ten inches, and delivered a pistol shot at those who were endeavouring to force the door. Immediately two men rushed back from the door, flinging aside a sledge-hammer and a crowbar, and made for the avenue by the edge of the lawn, both crying out at the same time, with bellowing voices, that they were "kilt, and murdered, and batthered to pieces entirely."

In the midst of this uproar Jer Grinnex was observed lifting himself up beneath the shade of the beech-tree, and levelling a carbine towards the window whence the pistol

had been fired. Ned Doolin perceiving this, immediately raised his blunderbuss, and leveling it at Grinnex, fired; the two shots went off simultaneously, and appeared to have both produced effect; for Grinnex was whirled round to his right side, and then flung upon his face, while Harry Moore staggered back from the window, and dropped upon a couch that lay near him. No sooner, however, had the report of the two last shots died upon the air, than a shout was heard in the avenue, followed by tumultuous sounds, as if of a number of men rushing forward. In a few seconds more, a voice, which was recognized as that of Denny Mullins, the piper, was heard high above the rest, exclaiming,—

“Hurroo! Granville aboo! Follow me, Paddy Larkin! follow me, men! Clear the way! Granville for ever! hurroo!”

This exclamation was followed by a rapid succession of shots, near the pond, and along the avenue; after which a dead silence ensued.

Herbert Granville, followed by Ned Doolin and Bill Cleary, then descended the staircase, and presented himself at the hall-door, where he was met by the captain and some of his

own men, who were carrying between them the apparently lifeless body of Denny Mullins. Paddy Larkin was also with them, accompanied by half a dozen strange men. As soon as Herbert spoke, Denny lifted himself up between the men's arms, and attempted to brandish his arm and raise a shout, but he failed; the arm dropped, and the words, "Granville for ever," died away in a low murmur on his lips. He was carried in and laid upon a couch in the back parlour. The men stood around; while Herbert Granville, stooping over him, endeavoured to discover the seat of his injury. After a little time he detected a drop of blood upon his right breast just below the shoulder. He then gave orders to have the family surgeon brought immediately, giving a small scrap of pencilled paper to the messengers to be presented to him.

Old Uncle Ben and the ladies, who had, according to arrangement, been placed in a retired room upstairs under the protection of three or four of the men, now came down, and were deeply affected at the prostrate condition of poor Denny. Uncle Ben talked of duels, and wounds, and scratches, and fractures, while Mrs. Granville and Julia

busied themselves in providing whatever they thought was calculated to soothe the sufferings of their "poor, dear friend." While they were thus employed, Denny opened his eyes, and recognizing Mrs. Granville and her daughter, he made an effort to extend a hand to each of them; but his strength failed him; his hands fell back upon the couch; and two tears rolled down from his eyes and spread over his cheeks.

While waiting for the arrival of the surgeon, we shall take leave to lead the attention of the reader back to the proceedings of Denny Mullins from the time he had left Moll Dreelin's until his arrival upon the scene where he met with his disaster. He went on with all the speed he could command until he reached Corrigcastle; and as he was crossing the Fair Green of that town, it occurred to him, for the first time, that he was wholly unacquainted with the place of residence of General Doherty. This caused him great uneasiness; but he still pressed on in the hope that he might meet some person from whom he might obtain the desired information. He entered the labyrinth of streets; and passing on from one to another he looked about himself, but in vain,

for some clue to direct him to his object. He called into two or three small shops whose owners he was intimately acquainted with; but he obtained no information available for his purpose. Despairing now of meeting Paddy Larkin in the town, he concluded that his best course would be to proceed at once towards the barrack of Skark, keeping on the road that led thither from the town; for thus he hoped either to meet him on the road or somewhere in the vicinity of the barrack. So he returned to the Fair Green; and crossing it, he passed out upon the high road to Skark. On he went without meeting any one that could afford him any satisfactory information, until he came within a mile of Skark, when he met a man who told him that he saw a party of men standing inside the hedge by the roadside within a couple of hundred yards of the barrack. This information afforded assurance to Denny that he was now in a fair way of effecting the object of his journey. So he hastened forward until he reached a turn in the road at the distance of less than one quarter of a mile from the barrack, when he heard a shot; then another; and then a volley, as if a dozen shots had been fired together. He

jumped across the ditch on his right hand, and, keeping close to the hedge on the other side, he soon perceived a number of men rushing down the road from the direction of the barrack. He looked out through the furze on the top of the hedge, as the men rushed by; but he recognized none of them. At the same time he heard a voice some distance above him on the road, which he knew to be that of Paddy Larkin. He kept his attention fixed on the point whence the voice had proceeded; and he discovered by the murmur and tramp which reached his ears that another party was coming down the road. He still listened as the sounds drew near; and having fully satisfied himself that Paddy Larkin was amongst the party, and was probably leading his men away after an unsuccessful attack upon the barrack, he came out from his hiding-place, and hailed him. Paddy knew the voice, and asked in an angry tone, what brought him there? Denny then jumped out upon the road, and advanced towards the party. Having reached them, he took Paddy aside, and talked with him for a few minutes. Paddy made a few impatient gestures; and ordering his men to halt, he addressed them in a

few words, informing them of the state of affairs in reference to the contemplated attack on Ash Grove House, as communicated to him by Denny, and asking them to accompany him for the purpose of repelling that attack. They unanimously assented. The party consisted of six men exclusive of Paddy Larkin. They immediately crossed into the fields, and hastened on towards Ballydine.

At this time it was about half-past twelve o'clock, and there was a mile and a half of distance between them and Ash Grove House. They accordingly walked on with rapid strides in order to reach the house if possible before the attack commenced, which, according to Denny's information, was to take place at one o'clock precisely. As they went along Denny learned from Paddy Larkin, in answer to questions which he continued to put to him every now and then, that the inmates of Skark Barrack had had information of the approaching attack upon them from some quarter or other; and were, therefore, prepared to repel it. When Paddy had brought up his men, which were twelve in number (six of whom had scampered away upon the first fire), he disposed them in two divisions, one

in front and the other in rear of the barrack. He had scarcely done so, however, when a rifle ball fired from the barrack whizzed by his ear. He returned the shot immediately, but he had no sooner done so than a dozen shots were fired from front and rear. The six men whom he had ordered to the rear rushed back in a panic without firing a shot, whilst himself and the six men whom he had with him crouched behind a wall which ran partly in front of the barrack. Here they remained for a few minutes unable to do anything. They knew that if they put their heads above the wall they would be fired at, and that to return the fire would be perfectly useless. They therefore crept along the wall until they came to an angle which took them out of range of the barrack. They then crossed a field or two under cover of the hedges until they came out upon the road on which Denny had met them. Such was the substance of the information which Denny elicited from his friend as they passed along over the fields. They were now close upon Ballydine Cross, but instead of passing through it they crossed over into the fields, and came out upon the mountain road, a little above the main entrance to Ash Grove House. They passed on

until they reached the gate, where they stood for a moment to listen for some sounds, but not hearing any they passed in at the gate and up the avenue. They had not proceeded twenty yards, however, when they heard the first shot, and then they rushed up quickly. The two next shots were immediately heard, when Denny, advancing in front of the party, burst into a cheer, and called upon Paddy Larkin to follow him, as we have already recorded. Just as he had reached the lower end of the little pond by the side of the avenue, he saw two men moving in a crouched attitude beneath the trees, and holding each a gun poised in his hands as if prepared to discharge it; he rushed at them, and before they had time to place themselves in position to fire at him he struck down one of them with his blackthorn stick. Just as he did so the second man fired, but without effect. Two or three other men who were rushing across the avenue exchanged shots with the advancing party, and it was from one of these that Denny received his wound. Just as he fell a man was seen retreating from the avenue towards the trees on the edge of the pond, carrying a gun in his hand; one of Larkin's men fired at him, and evidently struck him,

for he staggered near the edge of the pond and fell into the water. This was the last shot that was fired. The captain and two or three of the Granville party then came up, and after a brief conversation with Paddy Larkin and his men, they took up Denny and carried him to the hall-door as before stated. About an hour had passed since Herbert Granville had sent for the family surgeon to attend Denny, and now that gentleman arrived. He examined the wound; and although he shook his head and looked ominous, yet he did not apprehend that it would terminate fatally. He then proceeded to extract the shot, a task which he performed with great skill and care. He then dressed the wound, and gave some general directions for the treatment of the patient. Denny had now considerably recovered from his exhaustion, under the gentle care and kind treatment of Mrs. Granville and her daughter, and was able to converse a little with those around him. But we must not omit to state here that Harry Moore was all this time in Mrs. Granville's private sitting-room, receiving the most tender attentions from that lady, and also from Julia. He had not been much hurt when he staggered back from the win-

dow after Jer Grinnex had fired at him. His face was barely scratched by the broken glass which was blown about by the shot, and the corner of one of his eyes was cut slightly. So that when he dropped back upon the couch, it was merely with the intention of loading his pistol again in case of his being required to use it. Paddy Larkin and his men retired immediately after the surgeon had pronounced Denny out of danger, and so did all the others, save Harry Moore, who remained with the family. The captain went over to Brookfield Hall to inform the family there of what had transpired, and to relieve them of any uneasiness that they might have felt from the absence of Master Harry. The day was now breaking, and in the course of another hour several persons appeared on the scene of the recent conflict. Among others Sir Michael Carey and the Rev. Dr. Markham rode up the avenue. They were followed shortly afterwards by a party of police from the Skark Barrack, and a large number of the neighbouring peasantry soon followed. In short, the day had not advanced many hours when the report of the attack upon Ash Grove House had spread far and near, coupled with that on the barrack at Skark. The lawn and sur-

rounding grounds were now examined by the police, followed by the peasantry, when the following results came to light: Jer Grinnex was found under the beech-tree, lying on his face, with a carbine resting under his breast. He was quite dead. At the edge of the little pond near the lawn was found a man with his head and shoulders buried in the water and mud, and his legs resting on the bank; when he was taken up and exposed to view, he was at once recognized as Peter Mackey, the publican at the Cross. He, too, was quite dead, and a blunderbuss was immersed in the mud beside him. No other person was found on the grounds either dead or wounded; but several indications of the fray were discovered here and there, such as carbines, pistols, hats, and one or two overcoats. And thus terminated the combined attack of the Ballydine Division of the great Army of Freedom.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL—GREAT REJOICING AT
ASH GROVE HOUSE.

IMMEDIATELY after the captain had told the news of the night's affray to the old butler at Brookfield Hall, the whole household were astir with excitement. Mr. Moore sent forth a volley of puffs and exclamations, as he rolled himself out of bed, that grated dreadfully on the nerves of Mrs. Moore, who, bustling amid the blankets and sheets, was endeavouring to steady herself before commencing to dress. The servants kept up a continuous clatter and gibber throughout the house; and the captain, seated in front of a roaring fire in the hall, was renewing the narrative of the night's adventures to servant and straggler, as they succeeded each other in trembling excitement to "hear the whole truth about it." The captain closed his eyes,

and repeated the story over and over, and over, to the great admiration and amazement of each succeeding news-seeker. At length Mr. Moore thundered and rolled down stairs; and puffed and rumbled his way into the hall; and seating himself in the fat butler's armchair, desired the captain to tell him all about this affair; and the captain renewed his story again:—

“ Well, squire,” he commenced, “ as soon as we had the hatches battened down, and the decks cleared for action, and everything tight and snug; when every man was placed at his post, and all stragglers were forbid to pass up or down on either deck; when the ship was prepared at all points to go into action, the enemy was sighted. He came on slow and slouching, like a great lubbard, that wasn't well up to his business. He divided his fleet into three divisions; one rounded off on our quarter, keeping at a safe distance, and covered by the fog, so that we could neither reach him with a flying messenger, nor exactly discover the proper direction in which to despatch a messenger with our compliments; the second division took up a position a short distance in front of us under cover of a dark and hanging cloud; this

consisted of a single craft, strong, short, and rakish, and showing an earnest desire to close with us, at the first fair chance; the third was made up of two rough-looking crafts, carrying heavy metal, and determined upon quick action. This last division came sneaking up at first; but no sooner did it come within close cuffs of us than it began to pummel away at our ports; I did not like that, I tell you, squire. It was ugly looking, and contrary to the true principles of naval science."

Here Mr. Moore became impatient; and requested to be informed of the affair in as few words as possible. The captain resumed:—

"You must observe, squire, that I am called on to give a full, true, and faithful account of this first great battle—I suppose it may be called the first—this first great battle fought between the Army of Freedom and their enemies. This is the more necessary for this reason, that the first authentic history of every great event is used as a model and store-house by every succeeding historian, and thus sent down from generation to generation, until it becomes a sort of sacred deposit, which it would be a sacrilege

to touch. So you see, sir, that the facts must be clearly stated, and arranged in shining order ; then the language must be such as to preclude every possibility of misapprehension—clear, plain, precise, simple. I am now repeating the words of a book I once read, which described the duty of an historian ; for I always wish to flank myself with sound authority. Well, squire, this being the case, I hope you will permit me to go on in the proper historical order.”

“ Order be hanged ! ” exclaimed Mr. Moore. “ Are you not talking to me about this attack of the Whitefeet as if it was a naval engagement you were describing ? What has this scuffle to do with decks, and ports, and quarters ? I want to know how many men were there ; and what they did ; and who is hurt ; and if any one is killed. How is my son ? Are the Granvilles unhurt ? ”

“ Now, squire,” resumed the captain, “ there is no honest man killed or hurt except one, and his name is Denny Mullins ; but he is not in any danger. He was exhausted from long fasting and fatigue ; and having received a slight wound in the engagement, he was brought to a low ebb at first ; and when his excitement passed off, he

seemed the same as dead, but he is recovering fast.

“How are the womenkind there?” asked Mr. Moore; “I suppose they are frightened to death. Why didn’t they send for me?”

“All well and hearty,” answered the captain. “Your son, Master Harry, is paying them the best attention; or they are paying it to him, I don’t exactly know which; but I suppose it comes to the same thing in the long run.”

“Oh, the scapegrace,” exclaimed Mr. Moore, “I didn’t think he had so much forethought as to attend to the requirements of any person.”

“You may make yourself easy about that,” observed the captain; “there’s one person, at least, whose requirements he’ll attend to.”

“Who is that?” asked Mr. Moore.

“One of the sweetest angels that walks upon two legs; and her name is Miss Julia Granville,” replied the captain.

“Julia Granville?” said Mr. Moore. “True, a nobler and fairer girl does not tread upon Irish soil. I am glad to hear that my son can appreciate what is fair and noble. Well, how is poor Mrs. Granville? and my old friend, Ben Brown?”

“They are right well,” answered the captain, “we put them under convoy, and sent them to the rear, where they stood off and on until all was over. Now, sir, I must be off, and see how all stands at the Glazement; then I must see Denny’s mother, and tell her how the world goes. She might be fretting, poor woman; especially if any bad news came to her ears.” He then rose, and set out for his house.

While the preceding conversation was taking place between Mr. Moore and the captain, Mrs. Moore and her daughter were on their way to Ash Grove. After they had arrived there, they were shown into the drawing-room, where they were received by Herbert Granville and his sister Julia. Harry Moore was also there. Mrs. Granville came in immediately afterwards; and the whole party remained in conversation for some time, Mrs. Granville and Julia describing the fearful events of the night, and the state of alarm into which the whole family were thrown, and bewailing the sad consequences which followed. Fanny looked pale and tremulous, and yet a happy smile lighted up her face as from time to time she glanced over at Herbert, who appeared quite cheerful

as he talked with Harry Moore. At length she glided softly over, and bantering her brother on his scratched cheeks and wounded eye, she said, looking up to Herbert, "I don't see any marks of the affray upon you, Herbert. How did you escape?"

"I had so many friends at my side," replied Herbert, "that danger was not able to approach me. Besides, there may have been some invisible agency guarding me." And here he looked significantly at Fanny, who smiled, and said,—

"Perhaps some good spirit hovered over you, and preserved a life that was deemed too valuable to be so early cut off."

"You pay me too high a compliment," rejoined Herbert. "The fact is, I was in no danger throughout the whole affair. But the life of your brother here was in imminent danger; and I believe it was preserved through the watchfulness and activity of Ned Doolin. He it was who prevented a person named Jer Grinnex, from shooting him; but, unfortunately the wretched man himself, I mean Grinnex, was killed."

A slight tremor passed over Fanny's frame, as she looked towards her brother. She then said with grave solemnity, "Thank God, that

you all have escaped so well. Oh, how wretched it would have been if anything serious had happened to any of you !”

She then joined her mother, and Mrs. Granville and Julia; and they four went to see how Denny Mullins was. Denny was sitting upon a couch when they entered, and looked pale and exhausted; but as soon as he saw Mrs. Moore and Fanny he rose, and extended his hands to them, saying, “Master Harry is not a bit the worse, ma’am, for the touch he got, not a bit, Miss Fanny. We had great ructions, ma’am; but ’twas nothin’ to spake about. ’Twas all over when I came, Miss Fanny. So I was just comin’ up the avenue, and I got a little scratch here on my breast; but ’tis nothin’ to spake about.” He then cast down his eyes upon the floor, and said in a low mumbling voice, “I don’t know yet what way the ould mother is gettin’ on.”

“Don’t you be troubled,” said Mrs. Moore, “about your mother. I saw her last evening; and she was quite well. And I suppose the captain will bring her an account of you, and make her mind easy. We left him at the Hall as we came away, and I suppose he has gone up the Glen by this time.”

The ladies then retired. Many visits were made to the family during the day, by the neighbouring gentry; as also by the peasantry, who were continually coming and going, and expressing their sympathy for the several members of the family, as well as for Denny Mullins. The Earl and Countess of Fairborough drove up at an early hour; and remained a considerable time. His lordship was particularly anxious to discover some clue to the perpetrators of the outrage; and examined Denny Mullins as to his knowledge of the origin and motives of it. Denny's account of it was not very explicit, as he did not like to commit himself in any way that would tend to involve the name and reputation of Nelly Bryan. At least, he would keep everything close in his own mind until he had an opportunity of conversing at length upon the subject with his old friend and confidant, the captain. So his lordship left, without eliciting any definite information as to the cause of the attack. There was a probability, however, in his own mind, that it originated with the Whitefeet. There was one thing that puzzled him very much, namely, the presence of Peter Mackey on the scene of the outrage; and with fire-arms too.

This was a mystery to everybody who knew Peter, and he was a man who was widely known.

For days and weeks there was scarcely any subject spoken of in the country round save this assault of the Whitefeet upon Ash Grove House ; and what gave a peculiar zest to the topic was the fact of Peter Mackey, the sensible, peaceable, prudent, loyal, conservative Peter Mackey, being among the perpetrators of so foul and heinous a transgression against the laws of his country and the well-being of society. It is true, there were some who knew Peter well, and consequently experienced no surprise when they heard of his being mixed up in the affray, who knew him to be a vulgar knave, without principle, without religion, without scruple ; but always planning his own benefit, without caring how or by what means that benefit was secured, or what evil consequences might result to others from its remorseless pursuit. But those were few among the many who carelessly regarded his exterior, and took him at the surreptitious value he put upon himself. He was, accordingly, looked upon as a proper and respectable man, and a worthy example for imitation by all who desired to maintain

a decent position in society, that is, a decent position for a man of his class. These persons were, therefore, greatly surprised at the appearance of Peter among a lawless gang of depredators and robbers; and endeavoured to account for it in some way that was consistent with their former opinion of him. It struck them, then, that he must have been up late that night; and finding, somehow or other, that something unusual was going forward, he remained on the look out until he found that Ash Grove House was going to be attacked; that then he armed himself, and set out to aid the Granvilles in repulsing their assailants. This was a very plausible mode of settling the matter with themselves. But it happened, unfortunately for this theory, that a slip of paper was found in one of the pockets of Peter's waistcoat after he had been removed to his own house, and previously to the holding of the coroner's inquest; and this paper purported to be a receipt for ten pounds given by him to Jer Grinnex in consideration of the said Grinnex performing a certain mysterious duty in connexion with Ash Grove House, which, when coupled with what had actually transpired, could leave no

doubt upon any disinterested mind that the attack in question, with the view to murder, was the duty indicated. This receipt was in the handwriting of Peter Mackey, while the signature was in that of Jer Grinnex. It ran as follows :—

“ Ballydine, October 17th, 18—

“ This day I received from Mr. Peter Mackey the sum of tin pound on condition to do the work settled betwune us, at Ash Grove, so as to pick down the bird. Purvided, if the bird eshkapes this turn, he is to be purshued ontill he is done for.

“ JER GRINNEX.”

The date of this receipt was the day previous to that of the attack upon Ash Grove House. So here was very strong circumstantial evidence that Peter Mackey's presence on the occasion in question was not accidental, nor yet prompted by any benevolent motive. However, a variety of conjectures and speculations in connexion with the whole affair were bandied from mouth to mouth, and went the circuit of the whole country. Magistrates, justices, and police officers were busy everywhere round about

Ballydine; and some suspicious characters, found prowling about the country, were arrested and placed in confinement; but no material information was elicited, so as to afford the slightest clue either to the party who attacked the barrack, or to those who attacked Ash Grove House. Still fame was on the wing; and the names of Bartley Croker and Joe Whitmore began to figure in the narratives that continued to circulate around the country. Somebody heard that somebody saw Bartley Croker coming down the mountain road late that night, and saw him passing the Ash Grove gate, where he met a man who came out from behind one of the piers; and he saw him speak with the man for a few seconds, and then saw him pass on. Another person assured his auditors that on the same night there was a man returning from the town of Cushport; and that when he was coming up towards the Cross of Ballydine, thinking of nothing, but looking up at the sky to see what way the clouds were going, he heard a horse trotting down the road against him; that as soon as he did, he turned into the ditch, under the trees, to let him pass; and that when he was passing he saw Joe Whitmore

on the horse's back, as far as he could judge in the darkness of the night. But the climax of all the popular narratives that found birth on the occasion was this: that two men were crossing over the hill above Glen Corril the same night; and when they came out on the road leading over to Skark, who should they see but two gentlemen in a gig a little above them on the road. So they went behind the hedge, and crept along quietly, so as to obtain a near view of the gentlemen; and who should they be—for they knew them well—but Dan O'Connel, the champion of Ireland, and one Tom Steel. This story ran rapidly through all the highways and byeways of the country, and jostled out every other narrative bearing on the subject.

It now began to be generally believed that the combined movement against the barrack and Ash Grove House was the work of O'Connel, and that it was merely preliminary to the great rising that was so long anticipated. The captain, as the reader is aware, was the oracle of Ballydine, and was always consulted upon matters of high political import by the peasantry all round. In the course of a few days after the Ash Grove affair, he was passing down towards the

Cross of Ballydine, when he saw Ned Doolin and another man coming up against him. They appeared to be engaged in some conversation which greatly interested them, for they every now and then, as they were approaching the captain, would stand and gesticulate as if they were endeavouring to convince each other of the views which they respectively entertained. As soon as they met, the captain asked them what it was that they seemed to be so earnest about; when Ned Doolin replied that his companion wanted to persuade him that O'Connel had given the word for Ireland to turn out, and take back her own from the *Sassanagh* (Saxon). But he (Ned Doolin) was showing his companion the nonsense of all that talk, since it didn't stand to reason that O'Connel would do anything that would be so foolish, or that any man in his senses, not to speak of O'Connel, would think of the like. So when they saw the captain coming down against them, they said to one another that they would leave it to him to decide which of them was right and which of them was wrong. The captain listened to the speaker with an appearance of grave humour; for though he kept his eyes fixed attentively on

him while he spoke, yet there was in those eyes a twinkling of drollery which showed that while he respected the good sense and honest manliness of Ned Doolin, he could not help entertaining a feeling of ridicule for the opinion which he set forth as that of his companion—an opinion which he knew was shared by the great bulk of the peasantry throughout the country. He said in reply to Doolin, “Your canvas is all square, Ned; neither too light nor too heavy for the craft. When a man’s brains are light, his senses are wheeled about every way, just like a weather-cock; and when they are too heavy, there’s no moving him at all. So you see between the two the right gauge is stationed; neither too light nor too heavy is the proper thing. You are right, my boy, when you say that O’Connel is against anything and everything that would put the people in the way of being destroyed. He is too wise a man, and too good a man for anything of that sort; his canvas sits too snug and tight on him to drive him about like a whirligig in that way. ’Tis only your flyblows that like rebellious weather. It warms them into life; it gives them a chance to flutter about for a little while. They are

good for nothing as long as the weather remains clear and wholesome; but when clouds and rain, and bursts of sun between 'em, happen to come along, then your fly-blows flourish and buzz about the same as if the world was their own; until the sun shines out again and drives away the dirt; then they can't be seen any longer. That's the way the thing is, Ned. The best man in this world is he who does his duty in whatever corner of life God places him. The worst man in this world is he who is always waiting for chances. To conquer the Saxon, indeed! You might as well try to turn the hill of Glen Corril there upside down as to conquer the Saxon. And besides, if you were able to conquer him to-morrow, what good would that do you? No good at all; but a great deal of harm. Ned Doolin! and you, my good man, listen to what I say; for I wish you and all Irishmen to know the truth, and to follow where it leads; and never to give heed to falsehood, and to the brood of delusions, and conceits, and mockeries that are born of falsehood. Well, here is the truth for you. It is far better for this country of ours to be governed by the Saxon than by anybody else. Who is the Saxon? He is a

steady, sensible, hardworking, honest-minded man, who knows how to take care of his business, and who is ready to give a helpin' hand to any man that deserves it. He won't help the idle stroller, to be sure; and why should he? But he'll help the honest, striving, peaceable man, and put him in the way of helpin' himself and rearin' his family, and of doin' like himself. He doesn't want to be bothered with idlers, or *boolamskiaghs* (swaggering bravadoes), or such vermin, and flyblows that are a disgrace and a curse to every country they're in. He sweeps those out of his way, as in duty bound, before God and man; and he takes to his breast the good and sensible men who, like himself, are willing to earn their bread by honest ways. Now, that's what the Saxon is; and I ask yourselves—I ask every sensible man, which is better—to have this man govern us, or one of those idle rakes and flyblows that are goin' about the country from post to pillar, lookin' for a chance to pick the pockets of every honest man they come across? Which of these now, I ask you, would you like to be head steward over you—the honest, peaceable, good-minded, sober, industrious Saxon, or the swaggerin', dirty, lazy, schemin',

thievish rake? Sure, I needn't ask you, or any man with a grain of common sense in his head. O'Connel, indeed! to try to upset the country, and turn it into a den of thieves! He is the last man in the world who'd do the like. Oh, no; he is too knowledgeable and too good for that. What does he ever and always say? Here are his words: 'Obey the laws of the land, and be sober and industrious; and above all things, don't attempt to shed a drop of blood.' That's what he teaches, and that's what our holy Church teaches, from the Pope of Rome down to the curate of the smallest village in the country. And sure we know, too, that it is the same thing that God's holy Bible teaches; and didn't the blessed Apostles and holy martyrs teach the very same thing? Well now, I ask you, who are we to listen to? Is it to the rakes and boolamskiaghs (swaggering bravadoes), the idle, lyin', dirty, schemin', mean, sneaking thieves and vagabonds, or to O'Connel, the Pope, the Apostles, the martyrs, the Bible, and the God of heaven? The Saxon, indeed! Sure 'tis a blessin' from heaven that we have such an honest, steady man to guard us against the thieves and the rakes. God forbid that we

should ever have one of these skialavelts (loose-livers) over us. How well, indeed, we should be off then; our lives, our properties, and our liberties at the mercy of all the wanderin' ragamuffins in the country. No, my friends, this must never happen; the people are gettin' to open their eyes now, and they'll be no longer led away like blindfolded creatures that saw nothin' and knew nothin'."

As the captain was thus sensibly enlarging on the state and prospects of the country, a distant ch  er came faintly upon his ear. It was also heard by the two men who were standing with him. It came again with increased volume; and again; till at length it burst in a storm upon their ears.

The three men then proceeded together towards the Cross. A crowd of men and women and children came up from the Corrigcastle road towards the Cross, shouting and scuffling, and waving green boughs above their heads. In the midst of the crowd was a gig in which were seated two aged gentlemen, who every now and then lifted off their hats and bowed to those around them. The gig had two long ropes attached to it in front, and these were held by a line of men on either

side, who thus drew it along amid the cheering and hurraing of the throng that accompanied them. The procession arrived at the Cross, and then turned up the mountain road, while the air rang with the shout of "The Granvilles aboo!" "The Granvilles for ever!" Having arrived at the entrance to Ash Grove House, the throng entered the gates, and advanced up the avenue; while cheers and hurrahs and cries of "The Granvilles for ever!" rose into the air. The gig was drawn up to the hall-door, and Uncle Ben and his brother, Colonel Felix Brown, descended from it and entered the house.

Colonel Brown had arrived at Cushport on the day before, and was met there by his brother Ben. As soon as it had become known that they were on their way to Ash Grove the country people flocked from every side to meet them; and they had been no sooner met than the horse was taken from the gig, and they were drawn triumphantly along in the manner we have seen.

But what caused the arrival of Colonel Brown at this particular time? We have seen that for some considerable time no letter had been received from him by his brother or any member of the Ash Grove family, and that

therefore Herbert Granville had made up his mind to go to him without further delay. The fact was that the Colonel had been for some time in communication with Lord Milford in reference to the affairs of his late brother, Herbert's father, and that his lordship had expressed a desire to see the colonel in London as soon as possible, with the view of making some arrangements relative to that portion of his estates which had been formerly held by the Ash Grove family. His lordship's intention was to restore Gurtroo, now in the possession of Bartley Croker, to the eldest son of the late Mr. Granville, and to adopt such other proceedings in connexion with this matter as circumstances would warrant.

The colonel saw that there was no time to be lost; and so, arranging his own personal concerns in Canada, he hastened to London, and there met Lord Milford. They soon decided upon the matters which brought them together. The colonel was in possession of a quantity of correspondence and papers of various kinds, which he had from time to time received from his late brother, and which threw such a flood of light upon the conduct and proceedings of Bartley Croker as left no doubt upon the mind of Lord Milford that

the grossest deception, wrong, and fraud had been committed by his agent in the management of his estates. The conclusion of their interview was that the colonel's nephew, Herbert Granville, was to take immediate possession of the property at Gurtroo, and that the colonel was to act as agent for the estates until his lordship had further time for consideration—the colonel having expressed himself as being unwilling to accept that position except for the time being.

In the meantime Bartley Croker received a communication from his lordship, desiring him to meet him in London, and to take with him the rent-rolls and other records connected with the estates. Bartley was necessarily thrown into a state of trepidation; but yet he relied much upon his dexterity and mental resources to extricate himself from the difficulties and dangers which he felt to be gathering around him. He hastened, however, to comply with the request of his lordship, and in due time arrived in London. Lord Milford, who had in the interim studied the documents which he had received from Colonel Brown, and made himself acquainted with all the circumstances connected with the transactions between the agent and the late

Mr. Granville, placed the whole matter before Bartley in such a clear and methodical manner that the latter was completely confounded and bewildered. His prepared defence became unavailable, as it had not contemplated the nature and force of the charges now brought against him, and he was therefore obliged to throw himself upon the resources of the moment, which consisted of quibbles, equivocations, and denials. But they availed nothing. His lordship informed him that his services as agent were dispensed with henceforward, and that further proceedings against him would be entrusted to the courts of law.

Thus Bartley Croker, who had hitherto been wafted along upon the tide of fortune, felt for the first time in his life that that tide had now receded from him and left him sprawling upon the strand. All the iniquities of his past life came crowding upon his mind, and he knew not whither he should turn to relieve himself from the overwhelming perplexity which was goading him to distraction. He had no business to detain him any longer in London, and therefore he returned to Gurtroo, with an uncertain resolution as to the course of conduct which it now behoved him to pursue.

Ash Grove became the scene of unusual festivity immediately after the colonel's arrival. On the night following that event bonfires blazed on every side; there was one at the Cross of Ballydine, and another on the road opposite the entrance to the lawn, and a dozen others at different points on the roads and elevated grounds round about the village. On the next day there was a long dance on the lawn, and the people came in crowds from all the villages around to participate in the enjoyments of the occasion. The Earl and Countess of Fairborough were there, as were also Sir Michael Carey and his wife and daughters, and the Rev. Dr. Markham; all the family of Brookfield Hall, and the Credans, and the Rev. Mr. Grigger, were also present. Tables, covered with refreshments, were ranged in lines along the hall, and the dancers as well as others went in from time to time to recruit themselves with the good things that were there prepared for them. In the afternoon a large party was entertained at dinner by the colonel; and it was not until near twelve o'clock that the gates at the entrance to Ash Grove closed upon the last retiring guest.

CHAPTER XXV.

CONCLUSION.

AFTER Bartley Croker had returned from London, he commenced an investigation into the best mode of arranging his future destiny. He knew now that it was all over with him, as far as land agencies were concerned. Lord Milford's discovery of his dishonest and treacherous proceedings would, of course, debar him from any employment of that kind for the future. As to returning to his profession of attorney, he felt that it was too late now to think of that. At the best of times and in his most energetic years he had not been very successful in that line—he had been generally regarded as a trickster and swindler; and no one cared to entrust his business to him, except those who had no means to employ a better and safer man; or who had nothing to lose, and went to law

only on some wild speculation. To recover his lost position as agent to the Milford estates, he felt, was out of the question. Lord Milford was not a man to alter his decision when he had once determined to act in any particular direction. Bartley thus felt himself fenced in with difficulties; and, notwithstanding his varied mental resources, on which he had hitherto prided himself, and which had always stood him in good stead in every pressing emergency, he was now forced to confess to himself that he was driven into a corner; and could see no way of escaping from his unfortunate position. The arrival of Colonel Brown, from Canada, was a most untoward event; but yet he would not have set very much value upon that—he thought he should have been able to get over that, if it had not been for the unfortunate failure of the attack on Ash Grove House. If that confounded fellow—so he designated Herbert Granville, as he thought of him in the course of his reveries—had been removed, all other difficulties would dissolve like snow before the meridian sun. Had he been removed, old Colonel Brown, and Uncle Ben, and all the rest of them would be no more than a cobweb in his way. His mind again began

to work in the direction of the destinies of Herbert Granville. He would not despair; something might be done yet. He cast back his thoughts to the years gone by, and to some of the events of those years; and he saw there difficulties which he had surmounted; and difficulties too of a dismal complexion. He would not despair, no; a man of genius should never despair. He began to think that there remained in his mind resources which had never been called upon—which no extreme emergency had ever called upon; let these be called into requisition now—now was the time to prove his great superiority over all men. He would foil Lord Milford; he would take him on the point of his lance, and spit him like a sparrow. He began to wax triumphant in his own imagination; and nothing now appeared to him too difficult to be overcome. He still fell back upon Joe Whitmore, as the most convenient weapon for him to handle. Joe was a jackass, to be sure, and a buffoon; but jackasses and buffoons were intended for use. Such animals could not have been made in vain; they were intended for a purpose, and that purpose was to subserve the plans and designs of great and gifted men like himself.

But how was Joe progressing all this time? He had had some interviews with Mrs. Credan, Fanny's aunt; but they were of a very, very sombre nature. All encouragement in that quarter was withdrawn from him. Fanny had solemnly declared that she would not marry him if there was no other man in the world but himself—she had declared this, after every inducement, and persuasion, and argument had been exhausted in the endeavour to bring her around to favour his pretensions. Joe gave up the contest in despair; not that he cared much one way or the other. He hated Herbert Granville—that he knew at any rate; but he didn't know that he loved Fanny Moore; he liked to have her—that was all; pretty much as he'd like to have any other woman that came in his way, and for whom he conceived a present passion. If it hadn't been for Herbert Granville—for the deep hatred he bore that gentleman, his passion for Fanny Moore would have died out long ago. But now he had no hope. She would not marry him under any circumstances; and Herbert appeared to be getting too influential for him in every way. Yes, he was now restored to his father's property; and the agency of the

Milford estates was looming not far in the distance for him. Under all these circumstances, Joe Whitmore gave up the chase, and gave way to a new passion. He had a dairy-maid, an elderly woman, of gigantic stature, and with only one eye, and to her he now turned with the most devotional zeal. He called her his Diana, his Venus, his Cleopatra, and as she resisted his first advances, and sometimes used her great physical strength for that purpose, he was fain at last to lead her to the hymeneal altar, and make her an honest and a lawful wife, and mistress of Castle Whitmore. Joe's life, after this, was a caution to all romantic lovers. His Diana ruled her household, Joe included, with an iron rod, and, "as for ladies, and things of that sort," she declared her thorough contempt for them. The ladies, indeed, kept clear of her; and so did the gentlemen, with the exception of one or two penniless rowdies who found Joe's cellar, as well as his table, a convenient resort in times of scarcity. These rowdies were fortunate enough to fall into the good graces of the lady of the mansion, who always declared her high esteem for them, and her solemn belief that they were the only *real* gentlemen in that side of

the country. But Bartley Croker had the *entrée*, too ; he was in particular favour with Mrs. Whitmore : she said, and “ would always maintain it, that he was a gentleman to the backbone, and so she liked him in her heart — *she did so in troth.*”

It was about this time, or at least shortly after Joe’s marriage, that Bartley Croker made a visit to Castle Whitmore. He was received by the mistress of the Castle with great good feeling ; and as for Joe he was delighted beyond expression to see his worthy and faithful friend once again under his roof. It must be remembered that Bartley’s troubles had kept him away for some time from Castle Whitmore. What between his visit to London to answer the summons of his employer, Lord Milford, and his other occupations and distractions consequent upon that visit, he had had but very little time on his hands to devote to his friend Joe. Besides, Joe was not a man to whom he cared to confide his secrets, and from whom he would look for any consolation in his troubles. Indeed, as the reader must be well aware, he regarded Joe, and used him, as a mere tool for carrying out any low scheme or project he might have had in hand. But as to seeking advice

from him, or consulting him upon any important matter, there was nothing more remote from Bartley's mind at any time than doing such a foolish thing as that. So that his visit at this time was altogether unconnected with his private affairs, that is, as far as looking for advice, or seeking the aid of Joe's judgment and discretion was concerned. Well, at all events, he made his visit, and was, as we have said, received with great cordiality by the lord and lady of the Castle. It was late in the evening when he drove up, and Joe happened to be out, looking after some matters connected with certain improvements which he was making in a part of his demesne. Bartley was met at the hall-door by Mrs. Whitmore; and after having been seized by the hand, and shaken with great vigour by that lady, he was conducted into the back sitting-room, and seated by the fire. Mrs. Whitmore sat beside him in easy and familiar conversation, placing her huge hand occasionally on his knee in confirmation of her remarks, and sometimes giving him a punch in the side with her clenched fist, with the same object.

“And where the d——l were you, at all, at all, this time back?” she went on to say.

"Shure Joe was axin' myself what happened you, that he didn't see you for ever so long."

"Well, Mrs. Whitmore, I have been rather busy this time back, and haven't had a moment to spare to call upon my friends."

"Busy! Whatever makes you so busy always? I never seen the like. You puts me in mind of the braccady cow that's ever and always busy doin' some harm or other. There, the other day she broke into the garden, and played the d——l wid everything in it. I don't know what to do with her at all, at all. Maybe, you'd want to buy her, Mr. Croker?"

"No, I don't require any increase of stock at present; in fact, I would rather dispose of some of my cattle."

"Now, tell me, how's the ould woman gettin' on? Why didn't you bring her wid you when you were comin' down? Shure you know I'd be very glad to see her. But I'm forgettin' myself—I never axed what would you take—there's the d——l of it. Will you take somethin' hot? You'll have it took before this fellow comes in."

"I thank you, Mrs. Whitmore; I shall take nothing at present."

"Do, now, afther your drive. And 'tis such

cowld weather besides ; you'd want something to warm you. Faith, Joe takes a horn every hour in the day to warm his heart ; and shure a man is nothin' widout a little drop now and then to put *misnagh* (spirit) in him. I'll go and bring you a warm drop."

"No, Mrs. Whitmore, I'd rather not, thank you. By-and-by, when Mr. Whitmore comes in, I shall take a glass of wine with him. To tell you the truth, I have already taken some spirits. I had only just dined before I left the house ; and I took a tumbler of whisky-punch after dinner, besides a few glasses of wine."

"Oh, drat the wine ; what's the good of it for a man ? There's *my* Joe, now ; he wouldn't give a sthraw for all the wine in the world, without putting a *sthaul* (a dash) of whisky over it. You won't take it now. Well, when Joe 'll come in by-and-by, ye must have a hot tumbler together. Tell me, Mr. Croker,"—here she leant over, putting her hand upon his shoulder and her face close up to his,—“tell me ; what the d——l is all this about the Granvilles ? They tell me for certain that the ould colonel is to be the agent of Lord Milford now ; and that the young fellow is only waiting to get it himself the

minute he'll be married to that *shkit* (silly creature) of a thing, Fanny Moore."

"I believe there is some truth in that report, though I cannot vouch for it."

"Ah, then, upon my sowl, if I was you, I'd put a bit o' lead in that fellow's gizzard. What call have he to be agent? The like of him of a conceited whelp? And Fanny Moore, too! Och, the likes o' those sickens me. Ladies and gintlemen indeed! By my sowl 'twould be fittier for some of 'em to earn their bread in honesty than to be pretindin' to be ladies and gintlemen when they haven't as much as 'ud jingle on a griddle. Isn't it thrue for me, Mr. Croker?"

"Yes, I agree with you, that there is a great deal of vain pretension among some people that is not at all becoming. I know,"—here he spoke in a low and confidential strain,—“I know that the Granville family are not friends of your husband, or of yourself. Indeed, that young fellow Herbert has spoken, as I have been told, in a most improper manner of you. But as I said, when I heard it, you are not obliged to bow to him any day; you are as respectable as he is, or any of his family—I might say more so, indeed. You, at any rate, never demeaned yourself

by going about looking for favours, and trying to keep up a consequence by mean and beggarly ways."

"Spoke o' me, did they? To the d—— I bob 'em all. I'm unbehouldin' to 'em, and always was. What have they to say to me? I am an honest father and mother's child; and maybe, that's more than some o' themselves are. But what call have they to be talkin' about me? Let 'em take care o' what they're sayin'. I have people belongin' to me that wouldn't be long about puttin' a flay in their ear."

"Exactly; so I said at the time. It is highly improper for an upstart fellow, like Herbert Granville, to be maligning the character of a respectable woman like you. There are your brothers, and your cousins, respectable men; and men too, who love their country, and have the spirit to stand up for her too. That's more than can be said of that nincompoop, Herbert Granville. And I tell you this,"—he placed his mouth at her ear, and whispered softly,—“Herbert Granville would hang every one of the Whitefeet to-morrow, if he only had the opportunity. What chance, then, I ask you, have your brothers, or any one of those who

are trying to rightify their country—what chance have they of their lives as long as Herbert Granville has his eyes upon them?

Mrs. Whitmore's eyes flashed fire, and her bosom rose and fell like an agitated sea. But at this moment Joe Whitmore entered the room. She stood up, shuffled about the apartment for a few minutes, and then went out. Joe and his friend talked for awhile on indifferent subjects, and then retired to the library, where they would be more to themselves, and could indulge more comfortably in their libations. After talking for a time about the change that had taken place in the management of the Milford estates, and of the transfer of the Gurtroo property back to the Granvilles, Bartley assumed an appearance of perfect indifference as far as he himself was concerned, and only regretted what had taken place on the ground of the overbearing insolence of the Granville family, but most especially of that "young scoundrel, Herbert."

"The fellow triumphs," he observed, "over those who are his superiors in every sense, and loses no opportunity of turning them into ridicule. Besides, he is trying to curry favour with the Government by informing

upon every man who is connected with that Whitefoot organization. I condemn the organization myself, as one not calculated to do any good; but then I should not take advantage of it in order to serve my own purposes. I put this matter to you, Whitmore, as an honest and independent man. Are you to be treated with contempt, ay, and with personal injury—I speak advisedly—by such a fellow as Herbert Granville? He scoffs at yourself; he scoffs at your wife, a lady whom I respect, and whom every gentleman should respect, for her virtuous and estimable qualities. And even here he is not satisfied to stop; he would bring disgrace upon her family by trying to implicate her brothers and cousins in this Whitefoot business, and getting them hanged, or transported at least. And through them he would desire to cast dishonour upon you. Look here, Whitmore,” he lowered his voice, and spoke with a slow and measured emphasis, “your wife’s brothers may, if they please, shut his mouth. Do you understand?”

Whitmore, who was gulping his wine very freely during this speech, looked dreamily at Bartley as he had concluded, and said, “What have you done with that hundred pounds I

gave you on account of that Ash Grove affair? That was a botched job, cracko! I've never heard of such a thing. But the money, Croker? Where is the money?"

"My dear Whitmore, I expended it and a great deal more upon those fellows, those cowardly dogs whom Peter Mackey employed. They would not move an inch until they got ten pounds a man, that is, the common men; but their leader, Grinnex, had to be paid double that sum, I paid him ten pounds myself, and I gave Mackey ten pounds more to pay him on the day preceding the attack. Then Mackey would not move before I paid him thirty pounds. So you see, my dear sir, that your hundred pounds was nothing. I had to supplement it largely. But I shouldn't mind that if the business had been properly conducted. They were not the men, my dear Whitmore; they were not the men to be entrusted with important business of that sort. No, sir, not at all, sir. If your brothers-in-law would only undertake a thing of that sort, do you think a failure would take place? Do you think it could take place? Do you think it possible that it should take place? Herbert Granville triumphs over you. He does. He avails

himself of every occasion to do so ; especially since your marriage. Do her brothers know this ? Do her relatives know this ? I should look to it if I were you. But yet it is no business of mine. Perhaps I should not have spoken of the matter at all. Nor should I, but that I feel interested, as you must be aware, in everything that affects your honour, and the honour of your family."

"I must look to it," replied Joe, "I must look to it. I am proud of my wife, I tell you that, Croker, I am proud of my wife. She may not be everything that a man might desire ; but she is a woman whom I can esteem ; and I do esteem her ; and I shall permit no man to speak with disrespect of her. Let Granville not meddle with my wife, or my wife's family ; let him beware. Cracko ! I need but lift my finger, and the thing was done. Her brothers—and her cousins !—why, sir, I need but do that, and the thing was accomplished."

He filliped with his thumb and forefinger as he uttered the last sentence. Bartley at once took up the idea : "Yes, Whitmore, you are right," he said, "you need but do that, just that, and the thing was accomplished."

It is remarkable to what lengths the spirit of revenge may carry men of evil disposition. Bartley Croker could have had no motive of personal interest at this time in compassing the destruction of Herbert Granville; at least, there seemed to exist no ground for such motive, for the relation that had existed between himself and his late employer, Lord Milford, had altogether ceased, and there did not exist the slightest hope, on his part, of its being ever restored. And notwithstanding this, his hatred towards Herbert Granville was such as to impel him to scheme and plot for his destruction. This was the object which induced him to visit Joe Whitmore this evening; and he felt now satisfied that Joe would act upon the suggestion which he had so insidiously thrown out for his adoption. The old dairy-maid's brothers, that is the brothers of Mrs. Whitmore, were daring, reckless fellows, who would not hesitate to take part in any design that invited their passions of hatred and revenge. They were members of the Whitefoot organization, and were regarded with terror by the moderate men of their own party. They were always ready for any enterprise of a daring character, they were full of courage, reckless of con-

sequences, and devoid of every principle of morality and religion. They had been brought up in the streets of Corrigcastle, a brood of midnight scavengers, and were now leading a life of semi-vagrancy, sometimes employed about the bacon-yards and breweries of the town, and sometimes scouring the country, at night, in the capacity of Whitefeet. Bartley Croker having now satisfied himself that he had securely placed his train, had no further object in wasting the hours with Joe Whitmore, so he rose to depart. The night had set in, and given indications of stormy weather, so that he felt anxious to get to his own house, which was seven or eight miles distant, before the storm should break over his head. He mounted his gig at the hall-door, and his servant, taking the reins, drove off at an easy pace down the lawn, and out upon the public road. The night became more and more threatening as they went along; the clouds were heavy and dark; and the wind came in fitful gusts, bearing a sprinkling of thin rain upon its wings. They were now driving along at a rapid pace upon the road that crossed the hill within a couple of miles of Gurtroo, when some animal, a dog or fox, rushed from the hedge on the right

of the coach, and crossed to the other side, a few paces in front of them. The horse stopped suddenly, and refused to go; the driver plied his whip upon his flanks, which caused him to rear and to press back against the girth. At this time Bartley stood up to take the reins from the driver; but he had no sooner done so than the horse started off with a spring, and he himself was flung head foremost upon the road. The servant recovered the reins after some time, and checked the horse just as he was passing by a farm-house on the roadside. He dismounted and led the horse into the farm-yard; and having given him in charge to one of the farm servants, he accompanied by one of the farmer's sons, returned to where Bartley lay upon the road. They took him up, and carried him to the farm-house; he never spoke as they bore him along; nor did he manifest any signs of life after they had laid him down in the farmer's kitchen. Such was the end of Bartley Craker, of him whose one object in life was the gratification of his worldly ambition, without caring about the means by which he promoted that object.

When, on the following day, Joe Whinnery

received intelligence of the sudden death of his friend, he felt a sudden shock : but it was a shock which had more relation to his own individual and selfish interests than to anything that concerned the interests, temporal or spiritual, of his dead friend. He felt neither pity nor regret for him : but he felt that he himself was deprived of a sort of support, or resource, or refuge for his weak and drivelling rogueries. Joe was a bad man, without the ability necessary to nurse and strengthen his roguish disposition : but Bartley was a thorough knave, with all the qualities and acquirements essential to the execution of the most villainous designs. They were a need to each other : and hence Whitmore was shocked when he heard that his support was suddenly taken from under him. But we shall pass from the contemplation of these scenes and objects of human depravity, and direct the reader's attention to more kindly and agreeable subjects.

Colonel Brown, having established himself with his brother and sister at Ash Grove House, became soon acquainted with all the circumstances relating to the different members of the family. He knew of the engagement between his nephew, Herbert Granville,

and Miss Moore; and also of that between his niece Julia Granville and Henry Moore. He approved of both; and expressed his desire to have them carried out without delay. He and his old friend, George Moore, were constantly together; and they had agreed upon the desirableness of the double match. Mrs. Moore and her sister Mrs. Credan were now of one accord as to the excellence of the arrangement, and only wondered at themselves for not having long since seen how suitable and desirable it was in every point of view. In fact, according to their present view of the matter, nothing in the world could be more fitting, or better calculated to accomplish the happiness of all parties. Mrs. Credan "was always sure," so she said, "that it was just the right thing, for her niece idolized Herbert Granville, and Herbert Granville idolized her. And where could you find a more accomplished, a more elegant, and a more noble-minded man than Herbert Granville? He was a match for a princess; and her niece was the happiest of women to have won the love of such a man. And as for Julia Granville, she was a charming creature—so amiable, so graceful, so accomplished, her

nephew was most fortunate in having obtained the affections of such a woman." In short, all were delighted with the whole arrangement, and we need not inform the reader—for he, or she, already knows it as well as ourselves—that the parties immediately concerned were the most delighted of all, for to them the hour of their union was the goal of their dearest wishes, and the consummation of their earthly happiness.

A few weeks passed over, and the final arrangements were made for the bridal ceremony. Both couples were to be married on the same evening; and the ceremony was to take place at Ash Grove House. This latter part of the arrangement was adopted at the instance of the colonel, notwithstanding the efforts of the Moores and the Credans in favour of Brookfield Hall. The Rev. Dr. Markham was to bind the golden knot in both cases; and the colonel was to give away Julia. These formed the specific portions of the colonel's arrangements; to any other parts of the general programme he was not particularly wedded. A large party assembled at Ash Grove House on the evening of the wedding. The Earl and Countess of Fairborough, accompanied by Lord Milford,

were amongst the first arrivals. Sir Michael Carey and his two daughters were present ; as were also the Rev. Mr. Grigger, Geoffrey Credan, of Mooloch, his wife, son and daughters, and several members of the aristocratic families of the county.

The servants' hall was crowded with the sons and daughters of the surrounding peasantry ; even the aged heads of families, men and women, came "to have a look at Miss Julia and Miss Fanny—the darlin' ladies—in their lovely weddin' dresses. And shure, they also wanted to look at their noble Masther Herbert, and at Masther Moore. May the blessin's of heaven rest upon their hearts this night."

The captain was there, in a span-new suit—a bottle-green frock-coat, and striped trousers, with green vest, and neck-cloth of the same colour—provided specially for the occasion. He danced a hornpipe in the drawing-room, in his very best style, to the music of the piano ; and received the plaudits of all present. The colonel took wine with him, and spoke of him in terms of affectionate regard. The ladies chatted familiarly with him ; and Julia and Fanny, now Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Granville, presented him each with

a bridal memento. Denny Mullins was there in the "height of good spirits," so he said. And, after having played for some time in the servants' hall, he was sent for to the drawing-room, where he played his best planxties and jigs, and received the warmest approbation of the ladies and gentlemen. He played "Haste to the Wedding" for Master Herbert and his lady, and then a quadrille, in which Lord and Lady Fairborough, Lord Milford, Sir Michael Carey, the Misses Carey, and some others took part. Denny was not forgotten by the brides—they each presented him with a gift, and he felt himself to be "one of the happiest men in all Ireland that minute." Soon after, Ned Doolin and Bill Cleary, with Peggy Cummins and Judy Casey, were performing a single reel in the hall to Denny's best music, while Paddy Larkin and Anty Dreelin were seated at a table at the upper end of the apartment, in company with Mr. Moore's fat butler, and with Nelly Corcoran and her granddaughter Minny Rice, enjoying themselves over a dish of roast beef and plum-pudding, with a garnish of turkey and wild fowl, enlivened with the sparkle of port wine and whisky in large decanters. There was

merriment in the drawing-room, and there was merriment in the hall. The drawing-room guests retired about three o'clock the following morning, but the revellers in the hall kept it up for two hours longer. They then broke up, and as Nelly Corcoran was passing out through the hall, holding her granddaughter by the hand, she whispered into Denny's ear, "Didn't I tell you how 'twould be?"

THE END.

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
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